

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 514.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

ASCOT SUNDAY—SCENES ON THE THAMES YESTERDAY.



After an exceptionally brilliant Ascot meeting the river was even more than usually crowded yesterday. Hundreds of boats of every description passed through Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead, where one of our photographs was taken, and boatloads of ladies in the lightest of summer attire and men in flannels lent an air of unwonted gaiety to the adjacent reaches.

RED TERROR IN POLAND.

2,000 Persons Killed and Wounded in Lodz.

PANIC-STRICKEN CITY.

Furious Soldiers Fire Upon Guilty and Innocent.

The Polish city of Lodz has again been the scene of terrible conflicts between strikers and the police and soldiery.

The crowd fought from behind hastily-erected street barricades, and used the most terrible weapons. Vitriol was even thrown upon the hated Cossacks.

The number of the killed and wounded will probably never be known. It is certain that 224 bodies have been buried, and Reuter's correspondent estimates the number of killed and wounded at over 2,000.

The disaffection has spread to Warsaw, where a red-flag procession has been dispersed, and bombs have been thrown.

2,000 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Victims Include Many Who Took No Part in Rioting.

WARSAW, Saturday.—The events of yesterday at Lodz were of a terrible character. The city was given up throughout the day to riot and disorder.

The troops fired repeatedly upon the rioters and attacked the barricades in the streets. It is stated that the killed and wounded number 2,000, but this estimate cannot be checked as yet.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The large number of the killed and wounded was due to the fact that no warning was given to the inhabitants not to go out into the streets or show themselves on the balconies or at the windows of their houses, many thus being shot who were not actually taking part in the disorders.—Reuter.

SLAIN NUMBER 244.

Soldiers Fire Upon Harmless, Inoffensive Women.

WARSAW, Saturday.—At Baluty, a suburb of Lodz, to-day a young man threw a bomb into the Cossack barracks, by which four Cossacks were killed and sixteen seriously wounded, while twenty-three horses were killed. The assailant escaped.

The number killed yesterday and last night, so far as is known at present, was 224. Ninety-nine persons have been buried at the village of Doly and 125 at the village of Zarzew.

At five o'clock this afternoon some soldiers shot and killed two women, a mother and daughter, near the gas-works.—Reuter.

BOMBS AND VITRIOL.

Terrible Weapons Employed by the Crowd—Fears of a Famine.

LODZ, Saturday.—The Social Democrats and the Jewish Bund were determined to avenge the death of the fifty-seven persons killed in the rioting on Wednesday, and accordingly decided upon further disturbances. In the fighting seven Cossacks and two officers were killed. One of the men was shot by a girl thirteen years of age.

Cossacks, Dragons, and infantry charged the crowds time after time and fired volley after volley. The workmen replied with revolvers from the doorways, windows, and roofs, while some poured vitriol upon the heads of the troops in the streets below. No fewer than twenty-six Government spirit shops were demolished.

All day long the fighting continued. The plight of the wounded is terrible, as no medical aid can be obtained. It is feared that there will be a famine.—Reuter.

RED FLAGS IN WARSAW.

WARSAW, Saturday.—Rioting has begun here. At six o'clock this evening a procession of Socialists with red flags marched down Grzybowska-street. At the corner of Wrona-street a patrol of mounted gendarmes barred the way, and a young man marching in the procession threw a bomb, wounding two gendarmes and killing a horse. The bomb thrower escaped.—Reuter.

VOTE OF CENSURE.

Opposition's Powerful Indictment Against the Government To-day.

COMMISSION APPOINTED.

Exciting and dramatic scenes will be witnessed in the House of Commons to-day, when Sir Robert Reid will move a Vote of Censure on the Government for their conduct in relation to the colossal defalcations arising out of the supply of stores to the troops in South Africa.

The motion has excited widespread interest, both in and out of Parliament, and the rush for tickets of admission to the Strangers' Gallery has been unprecedented.

The three-quarters of an hour which Sir Robert Reid will consume may be relied upon to show a formidable and closely-reasoned indictment against the conduct of the Government.

The inquiry of Mr. Arnold-Forster, the present War Minister, as well as of Mr. Brodriek (who was Secretary for War during the South African campaign), will be severe and extended, and as neither right honourable gentleman is blessed with the best of tempers a series of heated recriminations is almost absolutely inevitable.

Most of the "service" members will speak, no fewer than four of whom have joined the Opposition since the present Parliament was elected.

TWO DAYS' DEBATE PROBABLE.

Indeed, so many members are anxious to take part in the debate that there is a general expectation that the Prime Minister, realising the degree of excitement the scandal has evoked, will consent to the discussion going over to-morrow.

Meanwhile much interest has been aroused by a motion passed on the paper by Sir H. Vincent to the effect that having regard to the confusion of the arrangement of the Butler Report, the extravagance of its language, and the evident bias of its draughtsman, it is "essential that the whole matter be submitted as soon as possible to a judicial investigation untainted by political prejudice, competent to take evidence on oath, and to determine the responsibility of the several persons concerned."

The Bill setting up the Statutory Commission, and an independent Bill giving the necessary powers to the Commission, will, it is expected, be introduced to-day.

ROYAL COMMISSION.

It was announced last night that the King has been pleased to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate the allegations made in the report of Sir William Butler's committee on the South African scandals.

His Majesty has approved the appointment of the following to be the Royal Commissioners:—

The Hon. Mr. Justice Farwell, one of his Majesty's Judges of the High Court, to be Chairman of the Commission.

Right Hon. Sir George Taubman Goldie, K.C.M.G.

Field-Marshal Sir George White, G.C.B.

Sir Francis Mowatt, C.B.

Mr. Samuel Hope Morley, late Governor of the Bank of England.

MAGNETIC MUD FAST.

Dr. Tanner To Live for 30 Days on the Energy Generated by the Earth.

An interesting experiment is to be made in New York by Dr. Tanner, the well-known fasting man, who is now seventy-five years old.

In order (says Laffan) to demonstrate that the chemical action of the earth generates a form of energy that evolves or sustains life, he is to be buried for thirty days in the magnetic mud at Mud-laven, in Indiana.

Dr. Tanner gained notoriety in 1880 by completing a forty days' fast in New York.

The longest fast on record was that of a French murderer named Graine, who determined to starve himself to death in order to escape the guillotine, and from the day of his arrest refused to eat.

He held out for sixty-three days, at the end of which time he died.

REPRIEVE FOR BLUEBEARD.

Johann Hoch, who was known as the "Chicago Bluebeard," who married some seventeen women, and was sentenced to death on May 19 for murdering one of his wives, has been reprieved by Governor Deane, says a cable from Chicago.

Hoch's sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

The French Government, it is stated, contemplate the granting of an amnesty to M. Deroulade and all convicted under the Press and labour laws.

KING'S PICNIC PARTY.

His Majesty Evades Crowds and Enjoys a Quiet River Trip.

King Edward, like most monarchs, has a great appreciation for a quiet hour spent out of the reach of the strains of the National Anthem and the huzzas of loyal crowds, and on Saturday, surfeited with the gaieties of Ascot, he indulged in an innocent ruse to enjoy the freedom of a private person.

It was generally expected that his Majesty would picnic at Virginia Water, and a great many loyal Britons lay in wait there for a glimpse of the royal party. They were doomed to disappointment, for instead the King's party enjoyed a quiet trip up the Thames. Hardly anyone was aware that on board the smart electric launch Angler, as she left the royal bathouse at three in the afternoon, were the King, the Queen, Princess Victoria, Prince Eddie, and Prince Albert of Wales. The launch went within a stone's throw of Windsor race-course, so close that the shouts of the bookmakers and the noise of the crowds could be plainly heard on board.

The little Princes were much interested as the launch proceeded up stream with the Eton wet-bobs in their racing skiffs, and the scene on the river appeared to give them great delight.

The King and Queen and all on board landed on Monkey Island, one of the most beautiful and romantic spots on the Thames, and took tea. The island is a favourite resort of fishing parties, and in the hotel at one end of the island is the famous Monkey Room—the ceiling of the apartment being painted all over with monkeys. It is a curious old room, and was viewed with interest by the royal party.

The Angler arrived at the royal bathhouse on her return trip at about seven o'clock. Few people on the Thames had recognised their Majesties.

KINGLY GENEROSITY.

His Majesty Sends 200 Guineas to Mother of Dead Jockey.

King Edward has just afforded another typical proof of his kindly thought for his distressed subjects.

His Majesty was present when the fatal accident happened to the young jockey, G. W. Evans, in the race immediately preceding the Epsom Derby. The youth's parents, who live in North Wales, are only working people—his father being a boot-maker.

His mother has just received a letter sent on behalf of the King, enclosing a cheque for 200 guineas. The communication from Lord Knollys is of a deeply sympathetic nature, conveying his Majesty's warmest condolences with the poor woman on the loss of such a promising son.

MONARCH'S DEVOUTNESS.

Emperor Francis Joseph Walks Bareheaded for Two Hours in Corpus Christi Procession.

Saturday was Corpus Christi Day, and the annual procession in Vienna was marked by a striking demonstration of piety on the part of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The aged sovereign walked bareheaded through the streets of the city under a blazing sun for two hours, in order to show his humble reverence for the Church.

The Emperor drove in state to the cathedral, and then made his bare-headed tour.

His Majesty stood the fatigue well. He persists in paying this annual homage, though his doctors always advise him not to go through it again.

THIRTY PERSONS DROWNED.

LISBON, Saturday.—About thirty persons who were returning in a boat from Moncao, on the Portuguese side of the river Minho, to Salvatierra, on the Spanish side, were drowned to-day through the capsizing of the craft. The victims were Spaniards who had been to Moncao to see the Corpus Christi procession.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is preparing to undertake a journey to Europe. He will visit London, Paris, and Rome.

MADRID, Saturday.—A telegram from Perol states that a British cruiser and the German liner Coblenz have been in collision off Cape Finisterre.—Reuter.

The Pope, for health reasons, will, says the "Italia," break through the Papal tradition by leaving the Vatican and spending part of the summer at Castel Gandolfo.

Official submarine signalling experiments in Kiel Harbour have shown that a bell weighing 140lb. at a depth of 20ft. could be heard with such distinctness 3½ miles away that its position could be located with precision.

WELCOMING A PRINCE OF JAPAN.

Mikado's Relative the Honoured Guest of King Edward.

ARRIVAL TO-DAY.

To-day London receives a royal guest certainly not less interesting than the other dignified persons who have graced the capital with their presence during the present season.

At five o'clock Prince Arisugawa, a near relative of the Mikado, and a great prince of the Imperial House of Japan, will step from the train at Victoria, where the Prince of Wales will be present to receive him on his ten days' visit to this country.

In view of the British alliance with Japan—an alliance of which the British nation is proud—special honour will be done to the representative of this gallant country which has so well asserted its right to figure in the comity of nations. Prince and Princess Arisugawa will be accommodated at York House, St. James's, which has been placed at their disposal by the King.

The native suite accompanying the Prince and Princess will consist of six gentlemen and one lady. The English suite, by command of his Majesty, will comprise Rear-Admiral Nevill, Captain Troubridge, General Nicolson, and Mr. Robert F. Syngé, C.M.G.

The programme of the visit will include a reception by the King at Buckingham Palace, an evening party at the Japanese Legation, and on the 30th a luncheon at the Guildhall.

Early in July the Prince and Princess will leave London for Barrow-in-Furness, whither they will launch the new Japanese battleship Katori.

AS AN ENGLISH MIDDY.

Prince Arisugawa, who is next but two in succession to the Japanese throne, is no stranger to this country. His Royal Highness speaks English perfectly, for his education, from his seventeenth birthday, was completed on board H.M.S. Iron Duke.

For two years the Prince was one of the most popular middies on board the Iron Duke, stationed in the China Seas. He was then transferred as lieutenant to the Channel Squadron.

Twelve years ago, when he was in command of the Arctic cold of the Gulf of Pechili with as much fortitude as if all his earlier years had been spent on the fore-castle instead of in the luxury of a palace.

From this stern duty he was recalled to Tokio by the death of his brother. The most striking thing in the great funeral accorded to this Prince—a funeral in which over 12,000 people took part—was that of young Prince Arisugawa—our present visitor—walking on foot behind the body, bare-headed, in a garb of simple white cotton, with sandals of straw, and a plain bamboo staff in his hand.

Immemorial custom provides for fifty days' mourning in seclusion for so near a relative, but the sense of duty was stronger than that of grief, and the Prince went back to sea as steam could carry him, to resume command of his ship.

After the war he became Admiral of Yokosuka, the Japanese Portsmouth, and he was largely responsible for that perfect organisation which has made Japan mistress of the Eastern Seas.

His wife has taken an active part in the organisation of the Red Cross and other societies, displaying that zeal and patriotism that mark all the fair daughters of Japan, who perhaps come nearer than any modern women to the heroism of the matrons of antiquity.

JOY AFTER ANGUISH.

Farmer's Miraculous Rescue of His Wife, Who Had Been Borne Away by a Flood.

Terrible stories of the devastation wrought by the recent floods in Natal were brought to this country on Saturday by the South African mail.

A British farmer named Woolridge and his wife, who lived in the Bellsair district, had their house suddenly swept off its foundations and borne down the torrent. The husband, who lost sight of his wife, was thrown on the bank of the river and saw a dark object in the water.

He clutched at it, and found, to his joy, that it was his wife. She was unconscious, but speedily recovered. Their two little children, however, were drowned.

GUNNERY AT 10,000 YARDS.

Important gunnery results are now in progress on H.M.S. Commonwealth in Bantry Bay.

It is stated that wonderful results have been attained at a range of 10,000 yards.

The Sultan is so seriously indisposed that he has ceased giving audiences. The nature of his malady is not disclosed.

GLORIOUS SKIES FOR ASCOT SUNDAY.

Up-the-River Crush Surpasses All
Previous Records.

CYCLING REVIVAL.

Yesterday was an ideal Ascot Sunday. For hours the sun blazed from a cloudless sky, and London fled from the baked streets of the city to the pleasant coolness of the river.

All day long the upper reaches of the Thames were thronged with fair women and brave men, and the scene at the famous Boulter's Lock has rarely, if ever, been equalled.

At an early hour boats began to pass through, and by 11.30 the lock was packed with craft of all kinds.

Beautiful women in all the bravery of gorgeous Ascot frocks intermingled with bronzed men in spotless white, resembling nothing so much as a lovely garden of flowers, and the whole backed by the glories of creeper-covered house and green river and lawn made up as delightful a picture as the eye of man could wish for. It was a glorious garden city, but a garden city of millionaires.

Block at Boulter's.

At mid-day no fewer than fifty launches and 100 small boats were waiting to pass through "Boulter's," and a little later the crush was so great that boats in the lock wishing to go down stream were unable to get out when the gates were opened owing to the mass of boats waiting outside intending to pass through the lock and go up stream.

For some moments there was a scene of great confusion. Finally the outgoing crowd were forced to retire backwards through the lock, and proceed ignominiously out to wait outside for more than five hours, and then found it impossible to get through.

Sightseers on the bank came in their thousands to see the wonderful sight. One interested spectator was an American gentleman. "I have seen all the show places of the world," he said, "in course of conversation with the *Daily Mirror*, but I have never in my life seen such an extraordinary sight as this. I had no idea England could produce so many lovely women and fine men. I have never seen their equal in America."

Brilliant Church Parade.

Taking advantage of the ideal weather London spent its week-end out of doors.

The heat was tempered by a canopy of light clouds and a pleasant breeze, and even in the City the shade temperature did not yesterday exceed 74deg. In the parks it was never more than 74.

The "Church Parade" lost little of its quality although so many of the best people spent the day up the river.

A dense throng surrounded the Achilles Statue and extended as far as the Albert Gate.

The dresses were superb, every possible hue having its votaries, white lacy, gossamer "creations" being very popular.

Shortly after two o'clock a sullen-looking, thundery cloud set down a sharp shower of rain, which made everybody scamper for shelter.

The rain was a real blessing. It only lasted a few minutes, but laid the dust effectually.

The revived interest in cycling was apparent yesterday in the unending processions out of London by all the main routes.

Even an all-night rain is coming back into vogue, and this favourite route was aglow with twinkling lights and merry with bicycle bells throughout the early hours of yesterday.

South Coast Showers.

During the week-end the South Coast was hardly so well treated as London in the matter of sunshine. Brighton, for instance, was dull, but the want of sunshine did not prevent a huge crowd gathering on the front.

Among other well-known people seen on motors were Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks, who came down for the day from London.

The motor week from July 17, for which a mile and a half course at Madeira-road has been specially prepared, is expected to attract thousands.

At Margate, too, the 110 Frenchmen who came across for the week-end were greeted with showery weather.

In spite of recent heavy rains, certain places in the Midlands are suffering from want of water. At Gt. Outham, near Nottingham, the supply is cut off after the villages have been supplied with a certain amount, and much of the water has to be carried for more than a mile.

JUDGES AT CHURCH.

A long procession of Judges, from the Lord Chief Justice downwards, in their robes attended St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday afternoon. It was the annual visit of the Bench to the great Cathedral, and also Hospital Sunday.

Everywhere in the streets were collecting-boxes, and the financial result is expected to show an improvement on last year.

HONOUR FOR CADETS.

Sandhurst Receives Monarch for First
Time in Fifty Years.

The budding Wellingtons and Kitcheners of Sandhurst Military Academy are looking forward to a great event to-day. For the first time for nearly half a century the reigning monarch is to visit the college and inspect the cadets.

King Edward, who will arrive, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, at 11.30 a.m., will make an exacting inspection and will probably address to the cadets the first speech ever made to them by a Sovereign.

Sandhurst has just been amused by a charge of wild extravagance made against them in the columns of "Truth." According to Mr. Labouchere's paper the cadets indulge in

Hunters and hunting,
Motor-cars,
Motor-bicycles,
Five-course dinners.

As a matter of fact, only one Sandhurst cadet owns a car. He bought one, second-hand, for £5 a short time ago, and one of his fellow-cadets avers that it will nearly always run downhill if started with a good push.

Of 360 cadets about ten possess hunters, and only ten or fifteen have motor-bicycles, which the authorities affirm are most useful in "mapping" expeditions, which form part of the educational system of Sandhurst.

The messing is managed at 3s. a day. This includes all meals, and it must be difficult for the authorities to supply very luxurious five-course dinners at that price.

THE REAL THING.

Naval Volunteers Spend Their Holidays at
Work on a Battleship.

One hundred of the Naval Volunteers left London at the beginning of the month for experience of actual service conditions on H.M.S. Barfleur.

Some have already returned, others will not be back until the end of the month. Those who have had to come home are envying their more fortunate mates.

"We had a splendid time. We had to work hard, we learnt a lot, and we found the men of the Navy were jolly good fellows," declared one of the Volunteers who has returned.

"The only thing that seemed to puzzle them was why we should do that sort of thing when we might have spent our holiday on land."

MRS. BROWN POTTER SELLS.

Pathetic Echo of the Actress's Evidence in a
Recent Case.

There is a rather pathetic echo to the recent case which terminated in a sentence of five years' penal servitude on Fossick, the Maidenhead solicitor. Mrs. Brown Potter then said in her evidence:—

"Among the documents I signed was a bill of sale on my furniture. It was to pay the poor people who had been working in the theatre. I felt that it was better to suffer myself than that they should suffer. Some of them were only in receipt of 2s. or 3s. a week, and I did not wish to see them starve."

Now comes an announcement by Messrs. Fare-brother, Ellis, and Co., that the "elegant furniture and effects" of Bray Lodge, Fishery Estate, Maidenhead, will be sold on Friday and Saturday next, while Bray Lodge itself, "the remarkably picturesque riverside residence, will be sold at the Mart on Thursday."

CHAMBERLAIN AND COTTON.

Interesting Correspondence Concerning the
Tariff Commission Report.

An interesting correspondence has passed between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Frederick Baynes, cotton manufacturer, of Blackburn and Manchester, on the subject of the Tariff Commission report on the cotton industry.

Mr. Baynes suggested that in view of the importance of the report a summary should be circulated, and forwarded a statement setting out the main points of the report in a concise form.

In reply, Mr. Chamberlain characterises the summary as an admirable one, and emphasises the importance of the report.

"I hope," he adds, "that the facts and the arguments which have been based upon them will be treated seriously and on their merits, and that the future of this great business may not be made in any way the sport of political parties."

FIREMEN PLAYING ON PIANOS.

Exciting scenes were witnessed on Saturday at a fire which completely gutted the piano factory of Messrs. C. and J. Eungblut, Ltd., in Prebend-street, Camden Town.

DUEL OF THE SEXES.

Is Woman To Be Resubjected to
the Tyrant Man?

TWO STRIKING ARTICLES.

Is woman threatened with re-subjection to the tyrant male, from whose fetters higher education and the opening of the industrial field have partially liberated her during the past half-century?

This interesting question is discussed in two articles by women writers in the "Fortnightly Review" for July.

Both profess to see in the current literature of the day an attempt to discredit the progress of the cause of feminine emancipation. Mrs. Maud Caird, writing on "The Duel of the Sexes," takes as her text an article by Lucas Malet, in which that well-known feminine writer takes up the old-fashioned view that woman's mission is that of wife and mother, and that for her no other career is suitable.

The Lonely Woman Worker.

Lucas Malet draws a sad picture of the crowds of modern breadwinners—girls employed in offices and so forth—hurrying to their work, and returning at night to some lonely lodging. "But," says Mrs. Maud Caird, "what, after all, is the cause of these crowds of solitary women? Simply that their mothers obeyed too well the commands of President Roosevelt and thought it their duty to produce more children than there was comfortable room for in the society to which they belonged."

Mrs. Caird does not find that the instinct of maternity is altogether so holy as the sentimental writers depict it. "This very sentiment in a step-mother actually prompts to hardness and injustice towards those children in her power who do not towards those children in her own flesh and blood." It is a "blind animal feeling," and it is "preposterous to claim for such an impulse a place among the higher affections."

Woman as the Victim.

"The old tradition," says Mrs. Caird, "which for many centuries has sacrificed the individual life of the woman for the husband, the family, and the race, has inflicted the deepest conceivable injuries on all three. Before the ideal of life can be realised 'all trace and vestige of the master and bondswoman must disappear utterly and for ever.'"

Lady Grove, dealing with "The Threatened Resurrection of Women," is equally emphatic. "Who has not noticed," she asks, "that it is always the least virile and manly among the men who are so bent upon 'keeping women in their proper place,' and the least womanly among the women who are willing to abdicate their God-given right of human will in favour of an unlovely subservience to the mere brute strength of the male?"

"What is wanted is not, as President Roosevelt claims, 'plenty of children,' but fewer children of better health and development."

TO MAKE GOOD CITIZENS.

League To Promote Health and Strength
Among English Children.

The important question of the physical improvement of the rising generation is to occupy the attention of the proposed National League, over the Executive Committee of which the Bishop of Ripon presides. A large number of distinguished people interested in the movement were the guests of his lordship at the Hotel Cecil on Saturday evening.

In each parish and in each small town in England there will be established a branch of the league, and in large towns several branches, according to population. Among other objects to be aimed at are the medical inspection of school children, the periodical examination of small children, and the provision of an adequate amount of open space for recreation in all towns and villages, and the improvement and enforcement of the sanitary laws.

Sir Henry Craik explained that the institution was founded upon the great principles which had guided the Japanese. As a national asset they had to preserve life and make sound citizens of the best as well as the weakest of people.

IS SUICIDE A SIGN OF INSANITY?

The Newcastle deputy coroner on Saturday approved of a jury leaving upon the question of the mental state of a man who had cut his throat.

At one time, he said, he thought that a man must be insane to commit suicide, but he had changed his view of the matter.

"FAG" TO MR. GLADSTONE.

At the age of ninety-two there has just passed away Mr. John Smith Mansfield, of Hurst Croft, Ascot, formerly a Bow-street magistrate.

While a boy at Eton, three-quarters of a century ago, Mr. Mansfield was "fag" to Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man."

WHITE DOVE SLAIN.

Closing Celebration of the Moslem Fast
of Murrahum.

Farid Beg, the head priest of the Mahomedan community in London, performed the closing ceremony of the Murrahum, or the Fast of Forty Days, at a house in King's Cross-road, London, in the very early hours of Sunday morning.

Quite fifty devotees were present to witness the solemn spectacle of the living sacrifice of the white dove. Dark-skinned Asiatic people were in the majority, though a few pale faces denoted the adherence of some Europeans to the religion of the Moslem.

The whole ceremony, viewed in the grey light of the morning, was uncanny in the extreme. The officiating priests were dressed in long white flowing robes. Punctually at 6 a.m. the long-drawn chant of the Moslem Credo was commenced by the officiating priests, and the whole of the audience who were conversant with the Arabic language joined in.

Again and again the words were repeated with the utmost fervour:—

Bismallah-Rasul Rahim. La illa ill li-lah. Mohammed-du-rasul illah.

There is but one God and Mahomed is his prophet.

Prayers were then evoked, and, amidst the ecstasy of religious feeling recalled by the solemn and extremely humble prayers for mercy, the head mullah, Farid Beg, held the white dove up, in much the same manner as the elevation of the Host, and with one blow of a long, keen blade severed the head from the body. The still palpitating body fell into a basket.

NAIADS OF THE THAMES.

Local Landowners Strongly Object to Ladies
Bathing in the River.

To-day, at Odney Pool, behind Cookham Lock, ladies may bathe in the Thames.

This original scheme is due to the efforts of Councillor A. Upson, of Maidenhead, and Mr. E. Cooper, of Cookham. Over 100 ladies from Cookham, Maidenhead, and the surrounding districts have sent in their names as "bathing members."

The fee is 4s. for ladies and 2s. 6d. for children, and the subscriptions will be devoted to the expenses of the bath, the damming of the stream, levelling of the bed to a depth of four and five feet, and providing a firm gravel foothold.

Sir George Young, a local landowner, and several others are vigorously opposing the "ladies bath," and the Cookham Parish Council will discuss the matter at the next meeting.

Mixed bathing will be allowed, each member having the privilege of introducing one male.

CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMERS.

Would-be Rivals of Captain Webb Preparing
for Their Great Effort.

With the advance of the season comes renewed interest in the effort to imitate Captain Webb's feat of swimming the Channel.

Burgess, the Yorkshireman who holds the long-distance championship of Paris, has already arrived at Dover, and intends to attempt the swim to Calais a month earlier than he did last year, when he set up a fine record for speed, and arrived within four miles of Cape Grisnez. A gale put an end to his effort.

On Saturday afternoon he had a practice spin of about four miles in the Channel. There was a strong east wind, making nasty, broken water.

J. A. Weidman, of Dover, who also intends this summer to repeat his attempt, will, on July 4, carry out a twelve hours' swim in the Thames, starting from Putney Bridge. He had a two hours' practice swim yesterday.

CHILDREN'S DANGEROUS DELUSION.

There seems to be a widespread delusion amongst children that certain firms of motor-car manufacturers are offering hand prizes to the collectors of the largest list of the numbers of motor-cars passing through certain districts.

The eagerness of the little ones to identify the cars is a constant source of danger to them and to the motorists, and one large firm, writing to the *Daily Mirror*, state that they have offered no such prizes, nor, to their knowledge, have any other firms in the trade.

CLOTHES WILL BE DEARER.

Judging from the wool sales held at Nottingham on Friday and Saturday, the manufacturers of cloth will very shortly be compelled to raise prices.

Wool, which four years ago could be bought for 7d. per lb., was eagerly bought at 1s., and some of the best made up to 1s. 14d. per lb., or 31s. 6d. per tod of 28lbs., being an increase on last year of 5s. per tod.

EARL OF STAIR GRANTED DIVORCE.

His Wife and Co-respondent Baroness
Raise No Defence.

RIVERSIDE REVELATIONS.

The Earl of Stair was granted a divorce from the Countess in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on Saturday, the co-respondent being Captain Sir Neil Menzies, of Castle Menzies.

Although her ladyship and the captain were represented by counsel, no evidence was taken on their behalf.

The Earl, whose case was in the hands of Mr. Clyde, K.C., told the story of his married life. The wedding took place in 1878, when he was in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, and there were three children.

From 1884 to 1892 he lived at Rutland-gate, and during this period his married life was unhappy, mainly in consequence of his wife's bad temper and extravagance.

When he decided to go to Scotland to live at Bargany, in Ayrshire, on a property belonging to his mother, the Countess refused to go with him. Nothing would turn her from this determination.

Earl and Countess Part.

This led to a separation in 1891 between the Earl and his wife. He made her an allowance, and arrangements were also made for the custody of the children.

Since that date they had never lived together as man and wife. Lady Stair, on the occasion of a reception in honour of his son's return from South Africa, came to Lochinch Castle, the family seat.

In 1885 she was a member of a house-party at a Scottish nobleman's, and Captain Menzies was also there. After that date Captain Menzies occasionally lunched at 44, Rutland-gate.

In October, 1904, the Earl received certain information from a friend that led him to suspect that the relations between Captain Menzies and Lady Stair were not what they should be, and as the result of inquiries the present action was taken.

Evidence as to those relations was given by William Smith, a waiter of Baker-street, who was at one time valet to Captain Menzies.

Almost as soon as he entered the captain's service he accompanied him to Paris, where his master met Lady Stair, and stayed with her at the Hotel Regina for several days.

Life at Maidenhead.

The parties all returned to London, and a little later Captain Menzies went to Little Hildsworth, Maidenhead, where Lady Stair was staying. Little Hildsworth was a small riverside house, and Captain Menzies and Lady Stair occupied rooms on opposite sides of a passage, Captain Menzies's room being immediately over the kitchen. Captain Menzies was looked upon as the master.

Several times he had heard Lady Stair in Captain Menzies's room after he had gone to bed. In fact, the relations between Lady Stair and Captain Menzies were those of man and wife.

This testimony was corroborated by Harry Venables, 37, Albert-street, Maidenhead, the butler at Little Hildsworth.

He especially remembered Coronation Day in August, 1902. After waiting for his wife, who was out late, he asked her to go upstairs quietly, as her ladyship was in Captain Menzies's room.

This concluded the evidence, and Lord Ardwell gave a decree of divorce with costs against the co-respondent.

FASHION IN SUICIDE.

Three Spirits of Salt Cases Before a Coroner
in Eight Days.

At the age of sixteen, Elsie Trendall, who was engaged as a general servant in Shrewsbury-road, Paddington, has ended her own life by taking spirits of salts.

Elsie, so witnesses stated at Saturday's inquest, had been engaged to be married, but had recently become depressed because her young man had not been to see her.

The other night she went to his lodgings. There was a party in the house, and he refused to go out and see her. She went away broken-hearted.

The coroner remarked that spirits of salts were very much in favour with people just at present for the purpose of committing suicide. That was the third case of the kind he had had in eight days. A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

TRUNK MYSTERY TRIAL.

It is understood that an application will be made to Mr. Justice Grantham, at the Central Criminal Court to-morrow morning, that the trial of Ash Devereux, who is charged with the murder of his wife and two children in connection with what is known as the trunk mystery, may stand over until the next sessions.

FELL SIXTY FEET.

One Man Killed and Ten Seriously
Injured by Collapse of a Staging.

One man was killed and ten more seriously injured on Saturday in a sensational accident at the Albion Dock, Bristol.

The men were employed in repairing the steamer Argo, which had been badly damaged in a collision, and were working on a staging erected alongside the bows of the vessel.

The staging was secured to a boom projecting from the bulwarks, and about fifty men were at work on it when the fastenings gave way.

It crashed down with its living freight upon the paved dock bottom sixty feet below. Terrible cries for help brought a host of bystanders to the dock, who were confronted with a heartrending scene.

The men, all twisted and maimed, were thrown together in a heap. Some were unconscious, others were writhing as though in mortal agony.

Upon them were heaped the heavy tools they were using at their work, as well as planks of timber loosened in the fall and subsequent concussion.

When the men were extricated, one, named William Wallace Hill, was found on the point of death.

Ten others had to be taken to hospital, and of these many were suffering from serious wounds and other bruises, were treated by local doctors and chemists.

PILLAR OF FIRE.

Two Men Perish Through the Collapse of a
Suspended Staging.

The extraordinary accident, in connection with the construction of the new railway bridge over the River Lea, was described on Saturday to the coroner, Mr. Wynne Baxter, who inquired as to the deaths, from injuries received on this occasion, of John Schofield and Jonas Wilham, lamp-trimmers, of Upton Park.

The men were working on some hanging staging when some oil in open buckets ignited and burnt away one of the supports. The staging fell, and both men were burnt and injured in the wreckage. It transpired that Schofield was intending to work for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

One eye-witness said, when passing under the bridge, he heard an explosion, and looking up saw flames 10ft. high, and the two men falling in the midst of them.

The jury, returning a verdict of Accidental Death, recommended that the oil should be kept in covered vessels, and that the workmen should not be expected to work such long hours.

TIRED OF BILLS.

Naval Officer's Wife Tells Her Husband She
Has "Cleared Out."

A naval officer, Lieutenant J. S. Parker, obtained a divorce from his wife on Saturday on the ground of misconduct with a former brother officer, named Echlin.

Lieutenant Parker was secretly married in 1890, and during the next eight years, though much away from home, maintained an affectionate correspondence with his wife.

In June, 1904, however, he received the following letter:—

Don't worry about me. I am going to leave you. I am tired of having to travel about and pay my own bills. They always annoyed you, and so did I. I have settled on a nice place to live in. I hope you will be happy, and have a good time, and forget me.—D.

In a later letter his wife wrote that she had "cleared out with Bob Echlin."

Mr. Justice Bargaive Deane granted a decree nisi with costs.

LOVED AS SISTERS.

Affection Proof Against Blows Inflicted with
a 4lb. Weight.

Overflowing with forgiveness, though her head was enveloped in bandages, Alice Wood appeared at Tower Bridge on Saturday to give evidence against Kate Weston on a charge of assault.

She explained that the "good lady" had struck her on the head with a 4lb. weight, inflicting five wounds. Nevertheless, she loved her as a sister, and did not want to prosecute her. All she required was that the "good lady" should not come up her stairs.

"Could I speak more just?" continued the prosecutrix.

"It was nice to listen to you," said Mr. Rose admiringly. "It is only five minutes past eleven now, and I am surprised you can get into this state so early."

Weston was bound over.

Sir John Akerman, K.C.M.G., who filled many important posts in Natal, died in London on Saturday in his eighty-first year.

"JACK THE INKMAN."

Lady Garioch a Sufferer from the
Miscreant's Spite.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The malicious person who squirts ink upon ladies' dresses is still at large. In the neighbourhood of Bond-street he is known by the name of "Jack the Inkman."

Complaints are reaching the police from many quarters, and some of the shrewdest detectives attached to Scotland Yard and Marlborough-street police station have been put on the trail.

"Jack's" latest victim is Lady Garioch, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Mar.

While Lady Garioch was walking in the neighbourhood of 31, Brook-street, Bond-street, where she was last week residing, the ink-thrower succeeded in ruining her light summer costume.

Lady Garioch's disgust and dismay on returning from her walk at finding that her beautiful dress was spotted with ink may be imagined.

India Ink Used.

The *Daily Mirror* has had an opportunity of inspecting several of the frocks upon which this wretched maniac has wrought his spite.

It is quite obvious that India ink is used, and that it is squirted from a small syringe. In one case the spots were very small, though close together, and they had not "run" as ordinary writing ink might be expected to do.

His (or her) purpose is evidently to ruin the dress as well as annoy the wearer, India ink being most difficult to remove.

The *Daily Mirror* is not alone in receiving complaints of the work of this malicious spoiler of dresses. Many modistes and firms whose business it is to clean dresses have heard the same story from indignant clients.

MOTHER'S FAULT.

Woman in a Drunken Stupor While Her
Child Burned to Death.

A mother's lamentable failing was disclosed at an inquest held at Hackney on Saturday concerning the death of Grace Austin, the four-year-old daughter of a coachman.

The mother, in evidence, stated that the child died as a result of burns. She could not say how it happened, as she was in another room at the time.

The coroner then read a letter, in which it was stated that the woman was an habitual drunkard. This, however, her husband denied in the witness-box.

Several witnesses stated that the woman was drunk at the time that her child met with the accident, and in returning a verdict of Accidental Death, the jury asked the coroner to censure the woman severely.

JUDGE AND MOTORIST'S.

Mr. Justice Bray Suggests Compulsory Notifi-
cation of Accidents.

An important suggestion as to motoring was made by Mr. Justice Bray at the Hertford Assizes on Saturday.

His Lordship was referring, in his charge to the grand jury, to the case in which the chauffeur, Rocco Cornalbas, is charged with the manslaughter of the little boy, Willie Clifton, in what is known as the Markyate motor-car accident.

"I think it advisable," said his Lordship, "that there should be a law that every motor-car driver meeting with an accident causing injury to any persons other than those in the car should be bound to give notice of it to some Government authority."

"This authority should have power to investigate the circumstances, just as the Board of Trade does in regard to railway accidents."

"I am not saying this every motor-car driver, who, I think, will themselves welcome the step."

A true bill was returned against Cornalbas.

SUING AN EX-DETECTIVE.

A case which is likely to lead to some interesting revelations as to the police and Anarchists is down for hearing to-morrow in the King's Bench Division.

Luigi Parmigiani is suing ex-Detective Sweeney, late of Scotland Yard, for damages for alleged libel contained in the latter's book, "Reminiscences of a Scotland Yard Detective."

TEN-YEAR-OLD ADVOCATE.

A ten-year-old Italian boy acted both as interpreter and advocate for his mother at Newcastle Police Court on Saturday, when she was charged with disorderly conduct. He was successful in securing her discharge.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

East End Rises in Protest Against Lord
Avebury's Bill.

To-day Lord Avebury's Sunday Closing Bill, which provides for the closing of all shops on Sundays, will be read for the first time in the House of Lords.

Against it the whole of the East End is in revolt. To the Jews the Bill means, if it be passed, either ceasing business for two days out of seven or breaking the most sacred law in the Jewish creed.

Others, including tobacconists, dairymen, bakers, and confectioners, are opposing the Bill, but upon the Jews it presses most hardly.

They observe Saturday—the originally appointed Sabbath—as their day of rest, and in most cases rigorously uphold it.

From sunset on Friday to sunset on Saturday they neither spend any money, kindle any fire, nor perform any kind of labour.

Having kept the Sabbath, the Jews recommence work on Sunday. There are in the East End over 100 markets, with 5,000 stall-holders, and shops of every description for the sale of clothing, boots, hats, drapery, grocery, etc., open on Sunday.

The bulk of the week's marketing is done on the Sunday, and, in consequence, in self-protection the others besides Jews open their shops.

BROTHERS IN DEATH.

Octogenarian Expires on Hearing That His
Elder Brother Has Died.

Within an hour, Thomas Maltby, aged ninety, and his brother, Jabez Maltby, died at Long Eaton, near Nottingham, on Saturday, under pathetic circumstances.

They had lived all their lives together at Long Eaton. They were partners in the same business. They were inseparable companions.

Thomas died suddenly from heart disease. When told of his brother's death, Jabez sank under the shock, and expired shortly afterwards.

STEP-SISTER-IN-LAW.

Delicate Matrimonial Contundrum Propounded
to Mr. Plowden.

A problem, complex and of great delicacy, was propounded by an applicant to Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday.

Applicant: My stepbrother takes my wife out and tells me he shall always do so when he likes without asking my permission.

Mr. Plowden: Of course; why should he ask your permission? What do you look upon her as? A sort of—

Applicant: I respect her.

Mr. Plowden: I am sure she will be glad to hear that. Of course you must stop her from going out when she pleases and walking with whom she likes. You seem very unhappy over it. I don't know why.

THE "OVERSEAS MAIL."

A Welcome Present You Can Send to an
Overseas Friend.

The idea of a weekly edition of the "Daily Mail" for overseas readers seems to have been a singularly happy one. It can safely be said that at the present time there is no British settlement in any part of the world where the "weekly message from home" in the form of the "Overseas Mail" is not to be found.

With such a world-wide distribution, the proprietors have thought it well to print the "Overseas" on slightly stronger paper, and to use a thicker wrapper. To meet the additional expense involved, the price for a year's subscription will be raised from 5s. to 8s. on July 1.

Those, therefore, who desire to take out a subscription on behalf of an absent friend can save 3½ per cent. by doing so at once. It is difficult to imagine a present more appropriate to him than the journal which he has been especially desirous to keep him in touch with the doings of the "Old Country."

ON SALE TO-MORROW.

Part VIII.

HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPAEDIA

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AND NEWSAGENTS.
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ESSEX DEFEAT THE AUSTRALIANS.

Great Display by H. K. Foster—
Poidevin's All Round Triumph.

LANCASHIRE'S BOWLING.

Saturday saw the Australians lose the first match of their present tour to an English county, Essex beating them after a fine contest by 19 runs.

It was just one of those matches in which everything which is not expected happens. The wicket, hard and plumb, was not expected to give the bowlers much assistance, and, as a matter of fact, it played true throughout the game, yet bowlers carried all before them, and batsmen failed horribly.

Throughout the match there was only one outstanding batting feat, and that was accomplished by A. J. Hopkins, who made a gallant and nearly successful effort to turn the tide for his side. He remained undefeated to the close, but could get no one to stay with him.

RISE IN ESSEX STOCK.

Essex have done so poorly in the county championship this year that the victory must have come as a real surprise. It should give the team a much-needed pat on the back, and other sides that the Australians may suffer from this revival in East End cricket.

H. K. Foster came out with a big display against Lancashire in the fourth innings of the match, and saved the game for his side. His 135 showed the Worcester captain quite at his best, and all the wonderful bowling strength of the champions could not dislodge him until he had made the game safe. Pearson also played a great game for Worcester.

The match, however, may be termed a triumph for L. O. S. Poidevin. In all he scored 244 for once out and captured eight wickets for 68 in the first innings of Worcester. Poidevin has, I am told, learned the Bosanquet googly trick.

JEPHSON STILL A GOOD BAT.

A good many cricketers leave the first-class game all too soon for their counties. Such a one was D. L. A. Jephson. On Saturday I saw him play a beautiful hundred for the Savage Club against the "Daily Mail" C.C. at Sutton Place. It was not second-class bowling that he had to deal with, for Frank Iredale and G. L. Jessop were bowling against him nearly all the time.

Jephson took no risks until his side required a big effort from him, and then he lifted the ball a bit into the long field. Throughout his innings his placing was wonderfully correct. It was a treat to field against such a display. Surrey could still do with their old captain. For the other side, G. L. Jessop gave a characteristic display, scoring 60 off the 30 balls he received in about twenty minutes.

C. B. Fry has now an average of less than 100 but he is still at the top of the tree, and Sussex are third on the county championship list. That it is not batting but bowling which wins a county championship is demonstrated by Lancashire, whose first batsman, Poidevin, is number twelve on the list. Tydesley comes next, five places lower down. But six of the Lancashire team are first-class bowlers, and there's the secret. At a pinch A. H. Hornby who used to bowl first for Elstree as a boy, could get wickets for any other county less rich in bowling.

HAIGH HEADS THE AVERAGES.

With Hirst resting from his labours for a time, owing to his injury, Haigh has come into his own, and as a result he is at the top of the bowling averages, and, moreover, only three bowlers have taken more wickets this season.

The next Test match is the absorbing topic of conversation in cricketing circles at the moment. There may be some drastic changes in the next England team. Personally, at the moment, I would sooner have Haigh on the English side than Rhodes.

Rhodes has come on in batting but has fallen away sadly in bowling, and, although he has taken seventy-nine wickets this season, I do not think that the Australians fear him. Should another bowler of his type be required it is quite on the cards that Dennett or Blythe may get the place, and on his success this season Dennett is perhaps the man.

SUNDIALS FOR SIXPENCE.

Novelties That Always Keep Perfect Time and Never Need Repairing.

That relic of antiquity, the sun-dial, is now within everyone's reach.

The latest novelty is a tiny sundial, an exact and faithful copy in every particular of the old, standing about three inches high and made in white metal.

The sun acts upon it perfectly, and it is a delightful little time-keeper, which costs only sixpence, and has the great advantage of never requiring repairs and never gaining or losing a fraction of a second.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Caught up by a whirlwind, a quantity of cut hay in a field near Dover was carried two hundred feet in the air.

Prince Alexander George of Teck on Saturday laid a memorial-stone to his mother, the late Duchess of Teck, at St. Michael's Church, South-fields, Wandsworth.

In Durham county a number of workmen's clubs are considering a scheme for the purchase of a brewery as their own concern, so that they can manufacture their own beer.

Jabez Balfour's release from Parkhurst Prison is approaching. He is now the wearer of the blue serge suit given to men of good behaviour twelve months before they are set at liberty.

To-day the new turbine steamer Viking makes her maiden trip to Douglas in the Liverpool-Islle of Man service. On a continuous six-hours' steam trial she maintained a speed of 23.63 knots.

His visit to England for the royal wedding at Windsor having concluded, the Khedive of Egypt left London on Saturday on his return to Cairo. His wish for "no fuss, please," was respected at the railway station.

At the first day's sale of the late Mr. Charles Galloway's collection of pictures at Christie's on Saturday, "Love and Death" (G. F. Watts) realised 1,350 guineas, "The Edge of a Wood" (Corot) made 1,300 guineas, and 770 guineas was the price paid for "Boulter's Lock" (Gregory).

Described as one of the worst and fidiest men in Leicester, "who went about like a hawk looking for its prey," a young man has been sent to gaol in that town. He took part in the unemployed march to London, and had done no work for two years.

Still able to sew and knit, Mrs. Rouse, of Devonport, on Saturday celebrated her 101st birthday. She admits being "a bit deaf," and says her eyes "are not what they used to be," but her daughter, who is herself an octogenarian, takes care of her.

The body of Thomas Thomas, the pilot who was drowned with five others in an attempt to rescue two vessels in distress off Holyhead on February 23 last, was discovered outside the breakwater by the lighthouse keeper on Saturday.

Speech Day was celebrated at Rugby School on Saturday, and the Bishop of Hereford unveiled a marble tablet in the school chapel to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, a former Rugby headmaster.

Last night witnessed the closing service in Falcon-square Chapel, Aldersgate, and this ancient City place of worship will now be demolished. Part of the old Roman wall ran close to the chapel.

Captains and subalterns in British cavalry are invited to become officers in a new Egyptian mounted police.

Devon farmers are experiencing more difficulty than usual in obtaining sufficient men to make their hay this season.

JAPANESE PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARRIVE TO-DAY.



Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan will arrive in London this afternoon on a visit to the King. They are to be met by the Prince of Wales, who will conduct them to St. James's Palace.

Funeral cards have been sent out "in loving remembrance of the Leamington and Warwick Horse Trams, which succumbed to an electric shock at the age of twenty-five years." The "shock" has been administered by the British Electric Traction Company, which will shortly commence an electric service.

Hastening homeward for his daughter's wedding, fixed for to-day, William Cockerel, captain of the barge Jessie, of Faversham, was knocked overboard and drowned off Rotherhithe on Saturday night through his boat colliding with an unknown outward-bound steamer.

At Newcastle the chairman of the magistrates, in fining a motor-car driver on Saturday for exceeding twenty miles an hour, said he did not agree with his friend Canon Greenwell that it would be a good thing if a few motorists were shot.

All classes in Warwick, from Lord and Lady Warwick down to the poorest inhabitant, are interesting themselves in a proposal to hold in that town a historical pageant similar to that recently celebrated in Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

Over half a mile long, the new pier of the Belle steamers at Felixstowe is now completed, and will be opened for traffic next Saturday, enabling passengers to land in the centre of the town instead of two miles away as heretofore.

To his executor the Rev. Prebendary Augustus Field, M.A., of Hopesay Rectory, Aston-on-Cliun, Salop, bequeathed £20, with a request to destroy all his sermons and manuscripts.

Lord Kelvin, the eminent electrician, celebrates his eighty-first birthday to-day.

Queen Alexandra has taken tickets for the Ascot Ball, which will be held in the Wharcliffe Rooms of the Hotel Great Central on Wednesday.

Strawberry-growers in the Eastern Counties state that the crop will be a long and abundant one, because the rain came at the right time to increase the size of the berries and double the yield.

By permission of the Benchers, the Inner Temple Gardens are now open every evening, Saturday excepted, from six o'clock until dusk, for the benefit of children inhabiting the surrounding districts.

The Rev. A. Pendarves Hockin, rector of Hayle, Cornwall, denies that he refused to conduct a burial a week ago yesterday "because it was breaking the Act of Parliament to do so on a Sunday."

Mr. Edgar Wilson, the young inventor, whose experiments with a flying-machine from Westminster Bridge were forbidden by the police, intimates that his next flight in a "torpedo wings" will be at Wembley.

Clinkers formed by the burning of city refuse in a destructor are being turned to novel use by the corporation of Liverpool. Instead of dumping them in the sea as formerly, the authorities now crush the clinkers, mix them with cement, and use them in building workmen's dwellings.

Messrs. Percy Edwards, Ltd., Court jewellers, Piccadilly, write, in reference to the jewel robbery at the Hotel Cecil, that they have no connection with anyone there, and that the property exhibited in showcases in the hotel does not belong to them. They have no branch anywhere, and are not represented by any agents.

WARLIKE ALARMS IN THE CITY.

Morocco Difficulty Leads to Pessimism on 'Change.

WEAKNESS ALL ROUND.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—It was all Morocco again on the Stock Exchange. The fine Saturday kept a good many members away, and 'business was very slack, as, for one thing, it was practically the eve of the settlement. The market did not at all relish the appearance of German dissatisfaction with the French Note, and consequently weakness was shown all round. In several sections the worst prices were those of the opening. Indeed, when the Foreign bourse advices came to hand about midday it was clear that, though depression again ruled in Paris and elsewhere, the Continental bourses were not quite so pessimistic as the London Stock Exchange. This led to a fair rally in quotations in the closing hour, and so last prices are above the worst, though they show depression on balance.

CONSOLS' BAD EXAMPLE.

The American market has for the last few days been the section which has shown signs of pulling the rest of the markets together. The long period of depression seemed to be coming to an end in this group, and certainly, even in spite of politics, there was a feeling of greater resistance. But to-day American Rails could not withstand the depression elsewhere. We marked prices a goodly fraction below the equivalent of the New York quotations. Just at the finish, owing to falls of dividends and crop advices, and the belief that the Bank statement would be satisfactory, there was a little attempt to rally.

Consols set a bad example. They got them down to 89 13-16, which was 5-16 down on the day. The close, however, was 89 15-16. Naturally the weakness of Consols affected all the leading high-class investment stocks, and declines of 1-4 were seen in several cases.

Perhaps Home Rails were as weak a spot as any. The investment business seems to have dried up. Fine weather, traffic prospects, and trade conditions—nothing seems to check the pessimistic feeling, and the most is made of the possibility of a few dividend decreases. The weakest stocks were Brighton "A," North-Western, and South-Eastern Deferred, which lost 1-8 per cent. or more.

The Canadian Railway group gave way with the rest of the markets. The Grand Trunk traffic decrease of 48,260 was, however, less bad than some people had looked for. All those Foreign Railway stocks that have recently been in such marked favour showed signs of depression.

WAR BONDS HEAVY.

Paris is popularly supposed to lose its head in times of stress, but during recent years there have been quite sufficient periods of uncertainty and political tension to show that French nerves, even on the Bourse, are not easily upset. During the last day or two we have seen more evidences of nervousness than have been shown there for some time past. But to-day the Paris Bourse did not show that weakness which was observable elsewhere. Prices are, of course, lower in most cases, but they are above the worst. Thus Spanish which had been got down to 89 1/2, were only 1/4 easier at 89 3/4, and that is a fairly good barometer. French and German Government securities were just dull, and no more. The war bonds were a little heavy. Russians at one time lost as much as 1/4 at 88 1/2. Rio Tinto and other copper shares were a fairly good market.

A heavy Kafir market was only to be looked for, but even here last prices were above the worst. Of course there are all-round losses for the day, but there was not much encouragement for buyers to come forward on the eve of the carry-over, and there was certainly not much real selling. Other mining sections reflected the weakness elsewhere, but an outstanding feature of strength was afforded by the Broken Hill group, which a determined clique had in hand on the belief of more profitable processes now being employed on the field.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CUBAN CENTRAL (Buxey): They are 410 shares, fully paid. They have risen about 10s. a share recently, which, of course, makes a difference. The prospects are favourably regarded, and the shares are expected to enter the dividend list almost at once.—INTERNATIONAL BANK OF LONDON (A. L.): To-day.—SPASSKY (F. E.): No.

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 "O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
 "O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
 "O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
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 "O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1905.

RESIGN! RESIGN!

AT such a moment as this, when the nation is really stirred out of its habitual nonchalance by the disgrace and the bitter irritation of the Army stores scandal, our antiquated Party System in politics is a positive calamity.

The loss of the six millions and the loss of our implicit belief in the honour of British officers are still the foremost topic in the public mind. Everyone is of opinion that examples ought to be made, not only of the immediately guilty parties, but of those in high places who permitted their guilt to go unchecked.

Yet every one capable of seeing through party manoeuvres knows that the Opposition cry for resignations is not really the result of honest exasperation with a monstrous state of slackness and incompetence. It is merely a stick to beat the Government with—a move in the political game.

It is deplorable that this should be so, and that the nation, as a whole, should know it, for there is no doubt at all that there ought to be resignations. One Minister was certainly ought either to resign or be turned out of office, never again to be trusted with it, is Mr. Brodrick.

There is no need to wait for any further investigation. His responsibility is as clear as daylight already. Of course, he is perfectly honest. No one but a man of blameless integrity could possibly have acted with such consistent stupidity as the inventor of the Six Army Corps, the War Secretary who, in 1902, refused an inquiry into the very scandals which have now come to light and called them "cock-and-bull stories," put about by disappointed contractors.

Would any private firm continue to employ a branch manager who had grotesquely mismanaged its business and squandered its money in this incredible manner? Of course not. Then why should the nation? We have put up with Mr. Brodrick long enough.

H. H. F.

THE APPROACHING EXTINCTION OF MAN.

The increasing effeminacy of large numbers of men, with the growing tendency of many women to behave like men—and even to look like them—is a commonplace of the dinner-table and the weekly paper.

The other day I heard put forward an amazing theory to account for both these phenomena. It is (stated briefly) that men were originally women, and that they are rapidly becoming women again.

The lady named Swinney who suggests this in the "Westminster Review" holds that the account of Eve's creation out of Adam's rib is a reversal of the truth. Adam was really an inferior second edition of Eve.

As the ages went by Man improved under the fostering care of Woman, until he came to consider himself the better of the two. But now his pride must have a fall. He is sinking back into his former state with alarming speed.

C. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Cultivate the habit of detecting the possibilities for good in things and people, so the habit of letting people know how much you like them; it makes the world a pleasanter place.—L. H. M. *Soulby*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS week will prove to be one of the busiest of the season, for entertainments of all kinds are taking place night and day. To-night Lady Rosse is giving a concert at the house which has been lent her for the season by Mr. Alfred Darby, and Lady Wimborne has a ball at Wimborne House in Arlington-street. On Tuesday there is Lord Grimthorpe's dance, Mme. Moeller's ball, Mrs. Wilfred Aspley's concert, and several important dinner-parties. Mrs. Mackay has a dance at Carlton House-terrace on Wednesday, and on Thursday Lady Emily Van de Weyer is giving a ball. Friday night will be selected for Lady Fitzwilliam's dance, and on Saturday Lady Jersey gives her second garden-party at Osterley Park.

Lady Fitzwilliam, who is one of the principal hostesses this week, is the younger daughter of Lord Zetland. She is a clever, pretty woman, and has already distinguished herself in private theatricals. This will be the first ball of any note that she has given since her husband succeeded to the title.

Interesting rumours are going about to the effect that the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-

week. This house is one of the finest in Piccadilly, and until the last few years has been owned by many people. The late Lord Ashburton lived in it for some time. It was afterwards sold to the late Mr. Henry Brassey, and at his death was taken by the late Baron Hirsch. When the latter died the present owner purchased it for a large sum of money. The rooms are large and very fine, and admirably suited for entertaining.

The Ladies' Kennel Association will hold their annual dog-show at the Botanic Gardens this week, and it is said that the show will be one of the best on record. Nearly all those ladies well known in social circles who are dog-lovers will be present. Amongst them may be mentioned Lady de Grey, Lady Aberdeen, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lady Decies, Mrs. Bailey of Douchford, Mrs. Hall Walker, and many others.

One of the most extraordinary figures in the whole world of journalism is that of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the "New York World" and of the "St. Louis Post Dispatch," two of the most famous papers in America, who arrived in London yesterday for a short stay. We are getting used nowadays to the man who begins as a bare-

bought it. Jay Gould was an amusing person to go about with. I once met a friend of his who had had the honour of escorting him round Paris. In Paris the sign equivalent to our "To be let," posted on houses or apartments, is "A louer." Gould noticed this sign frequently repeated, and at last exclaimed: "This A. Louer must be a smart chap; I see his name up everywhere."

The Stage Society are to produce a new play by Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema at the Royalty Theatre to-night. Miss Tadema has already written a good deal for the stage—a one-act piece called "The Unseen Helmsman" was produced some time ago by the Stage Society, and her longer play, "A Merciful Soul," has been translated into Dutch and into German. Miss Tadema has an admiration which amounts to a cult for Signora Duse, and she has travelled with the great actress on some of her tours, once going as far as Russia with her. She is a very good linguist, and has Dutch and French blood in her veins.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, though long since naturalised as an Englishman, still speaks our language with a perceptible accent. His pictures were much admired by the late Queen, from whom he received his knighthood. Shortly after he had been so honoured he met, so the story goes, a tactless old lady, who rushed up to him at a party and effusively congratulated him. "I am delighted to hear of your new honour, Sir Lawrence," she said. "I suppose, now that you have been knighted, you'll give up painting and live like a gentleman!"

A comic story used to be told of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who is lecturing on the siege of Port Arthur before the Royal Society to-day, in connection with a visit which he and Lord Charles Bessford paid to some steel works together. The usual miracle of the great pounding hammer, which can crush iron flat, and yet can be managed so as to crack an egg, was displayed to Lord Charles, who was asked to place his hat under the hammer. He did so, and the colossal instrument stopped just short of it. "Wonderful," said Lord Charles, turning to his friend. "Oh! I don't know," said Mr. Bartlett, "it is fairly simple," and he placed his own hat on the machine. Perhaps the mechanician had overheard him and taken offence at his disdain. Anyhow, the hammer descended to its full length this time, and Mr. Bartlett's hat emerged as flat as the proverbial pancake.

On Friday and Saturday of this week society will gather at Sandown Park for the first summer meeting. Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. Hilda Williams will be amongst the many receiving guests for the races.

Should the weather prove fine to-morrow there will be a large turn-out of the Coaching Club at the Powder Magazine, Hyde Park, on clock being the hour selected for the meet. This club is junior to the Four-in-Hand Club, but probably has quite as many members.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Prince Arisugawa of Japan.

A SPLENDID welcome is ready for him when he arrives in London this afternoon, both for his own sake and his country's.

This is not the first time he has been here, though he is still a comparatively young man—forty-three years of age. His early training was at the Green-wood Naval School, after which he travelled all over the Continent and America. He was in England again eight years ago, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee.

Except for his Japanese cast of face, one would never imagine that he was not a European. His black moustache is long and somewhat thin, but his beard is "the most meagre description. He is by far the most Westernised of the Japanese royal house, and from his dress and his manners to his outlook on life he might be a regular inhabitant of a European Court. No one has ever known him at a loss for the right thing to say or to do.

Under his smiling, social manner he hides a keen observation of all that goes on. There is little which may be of use to his country that escapes him, and, as his judgment is of the best, his European wanderings are of double value to Japan.

Princess Arisugawa is as Westernised as her husband. Some years ago she was famous in Japan for her beauty, and is still so for her grace. She dresses very well, too, in the very latest of Parisian styles.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 25.—Hot sunshine, moist soil—what more could the most fastidious summer flower long for? Violets and pansies are more beautiful than ever. Rose-beds, planted thickly with violas of one colour, are now a wonderful sight. Early varieties of lychins (campion) light the garden with crimson fires, while, with its softer hue, valerian towers around. Spanish irises will soon be in full bloom, and no flowers are more charming grown in mild masses. Blue, yellow, white—all are lovely. Early gladioli also tempt one to songs of praise.

To-day the orchard hedges are still bright with wild roses, beloved even at this season of splendour.

E. F. T.

MUD-THROWING.



DELIGHTED ARMY CONTRACTOR (with a few millions in his pockets): As long as those fellows confine their mud-throwing and votes of censure to each other I'm all right.

Strelitz is to become engaged to the Princess Olga, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Cumberland. The Hereditary Grand Duke Adolf-Friedrich is only just twenty-two. His father, the reigning Grand Duke, only succeeded his grandfather last year. The grandfather was one of the blind rulers of history, and it was to his own son that, by a sad chance, he owed his infirmity. The son was playing ball one day in the courtyard of the palace. His father happened to pass, and the ball struck him, fatally injuring one of his eyes. The other eye, as often happens, was sympathetically affected, and total blindness was the result.

The Princess Olga is the fourth child of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and will be twenty-one next month. Her father is one of the wealthiest of German princes, and her mother possesses the finest set of pearls in Europe. They are supposed to be worth no less than £200,000. These pearls have a remarkable history, and have been the subject of more quarrels than jewels generally are. They were claimed at one time by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, shortly after the English Duke of Cumberland became King of Hanover. But it was proved that George I. had brought them over from Hanover, and that to Hanover they belonged.

As Mr. Julius Wernher's health is so much bettered, Mrs. Wernher will give a ball at Bath House this

footed boy and ends as a millionaire, but Mr. Pulitzer's case was far more miraculous than that of the ordinary self-made man. A Hungarian emigrant, penniless and ignorant, he arrived in New York when he was still a boy. There, and in St. Louis, where he afterwards settled, he did everything that came his way for a living.

One of his occupations was the driving of an undertaker's hearse. Another was the situation of waiter in a beer-garden in St. Louis. It was while he was engaged in playing the waiter that he got a small situation as a reporter offered him on the "Westliche Post," a German paper, published in St. Louis. He worked for a few dollars a week on this paper, which was going steadily down the hill. The proprietors were contemplating ruin, when young Pulitzer offered to take the paper over from them, and turn it into a success. He made it pay, he saved money, bought the "St. Louis Post Dispatch," made a fortune out of it, bought the "New York World," and is now many times over a millionaire.

Is it worth becoming a millionaire if you have to sacrifice your eyesight and your health? Mr. Pulitzer is nearly blind, and is physically very infirm. The mention of the "New York World" reminds me that it was Jay Gould, a millionaire of a more cheery type, who owned it before Pulitzer

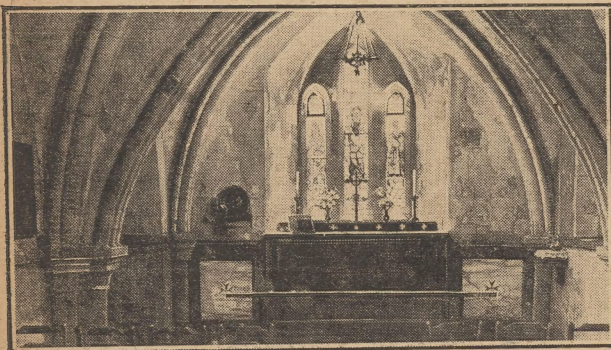
NEWS VIEWS

OPEN-AIR PLAY AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.



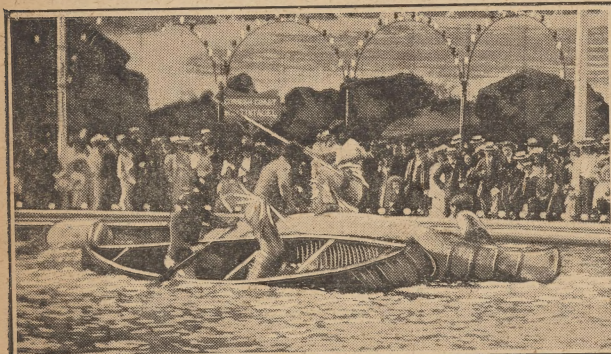
"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was played on Saturday in the Botanic Gardens, in Regent's Park, by Mr. Patrick Kirwan's company. Our photograph shows a scene between Bottom and Titania.

NOT USED FOR 365 YEARS.



On Saturday, for the first time for 365 years, a service was held in the crypt of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

INDIAN SPORT AT EARL'S COURT.



A photograph taken during the keenly-fought tilting match between the Indian chiefs Sekumegeyihik Shawano and Baumegeyihik at Earl's Court on Saturday.



H. A. Parker, a New Zealand competitor for the championship. He has been playing well at the London meeting.



H. Ward, the American champion. He was in the final for the doubles at the London meeting on Saturday.



A record entry has been received for the lawn tennis championship to be decided at the representatives, who have been giving a very good account of themselves at the London order named, are portraits of B. C. Wright (America), A. W. Dunlop (Australia), W. T. C.

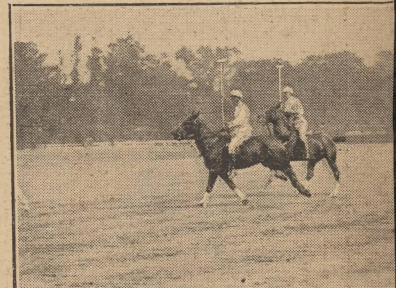
SATURDAY

RACING AT THE ROY



The Duke of Westminster's Eageress winning the T. von's Dispute was second and Mr. H. Lindemere's Sa J.

CHAMPION CUP PO



The final for the Champion Cup was played on Saturday by 5 goals to none. The photograph shows the of Westminster pres

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITORS FO



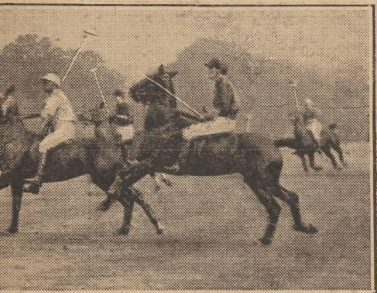
SPORT.

WINDSOR MEETING.



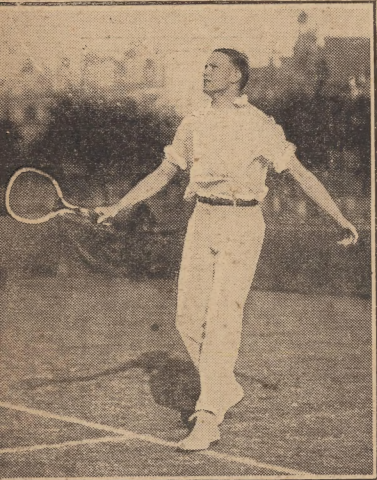
Handicap at Windsor on Saturday. Lord Carnarvon got away for the winner, which was trained by...

AT HURLINGHAM.



Hurlingham, when Rochampton beat Old Canon getting away for their first goal. The Duchess cup to the winners.

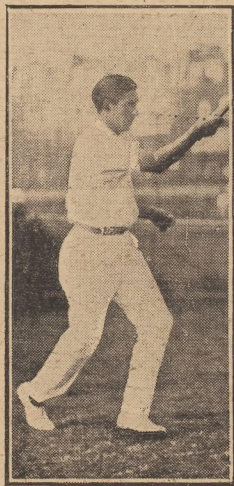
THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.



and Club at Wimbledon this week. America and Australasia have sent some strong relationship meeting concluded at Queen's Club on Saturday. Immediately above, in the America, and N. E. Brookes (Australia). Parker, Ward, and Larned are also entered for championship.



Miss L. Gower, who won the open croquet championship at Roehampton. She has three times held the ladies' championship.

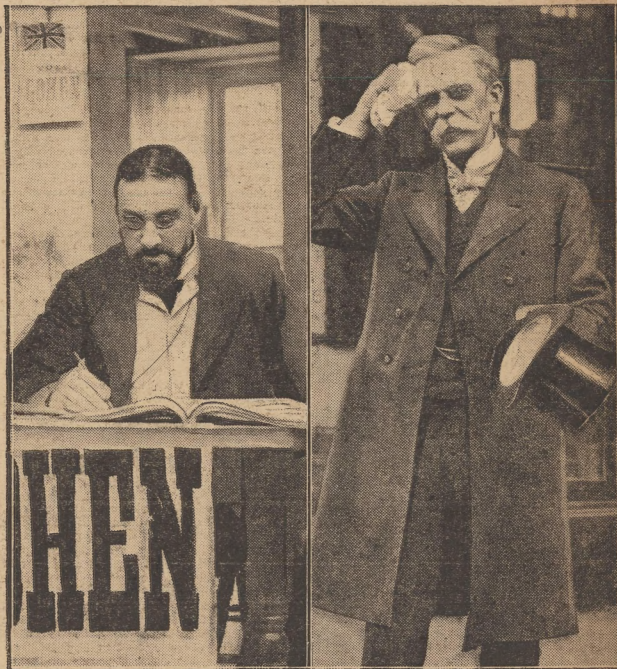


W. A. Larned, one of the American players who won the London doubles championship on Saturday.



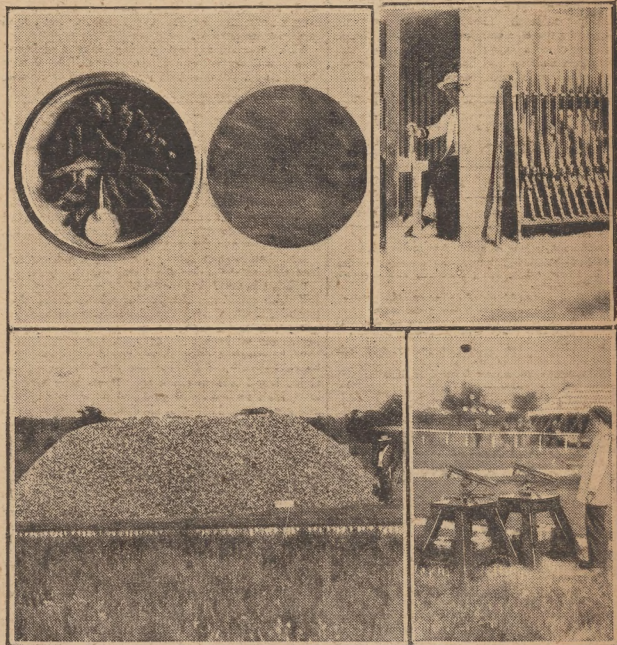
SNAPSHOTS OF THE NEWS

RIVAL CANDIDATES AT EAST FINSBURY.



The rival candidates for the parliamentary representation of East Finsbury, photographed while at work in the constituency. On the left is Mr. L. N. Cohen, the Unionist candidate, and on the right Mr. J. Allen Baker, L.C.C., who is contesting the seat in the Liberal interest.

HUMANE BIRD SHOOTING.



The "parachute pigeon," a device by which the sport of pigeon-shooting may be enjoyed without the infliction of death or pain by using living birds, was introduced to public notice at Hendon on Saturday. No. 1 is a photograph of an artificial "pigeon," and No. 2 shows the operator releasing the trap by which it is sent into the air. The mound in No. 3 is formed of 14,000,000 cartridges used for pigeon-shooting at the London Sporting Park, Hendon. No. 4 shows the traps in the field. Their principal part is a powerful spring.

IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

By No Means the Comfortable Holiday People Think.

By A DEBTOR JUST DISCHARGED.

In this article a debtor, who has just been discharged from one of His Majesty's prisons, describes his reception there, his quarters, and food, and the anticipation of his account tomorrow he tells of the daily life and his discharge.

Many people think that to go to prison for a short period upon a county court committal is not an altogether unpleasant experience. I shared this opinion, and, having been ordered by His Honor Judge —, of the — County Court, to pay a certain sum or go to prison for twenty-one days, I made up my mind to take up a temporary residence at His Majesty's prison at —.

Accordingly one afternoon I was formally arrested by a very polite official from the — County Court.

After packing a small bag I started, with a light heart, to fulfil my elected penance.

At this time I was under the impression that I should be allowed to wear my own clothes, receive daily visitors, and correspondence, mix freely with the other debtors, and have my own food sent in. In short, I thought I should only suffer the temporary inconvenience of being confined within the four walls of the debtors' section of the prison. This blissful dream of mine was to receive a rude awakening.

MY ARRIVAL.

Upon arriving at the prison, I was taken by my custodian to an office just inside the entrance gates. Here I was formally handed over to the authorities, and I was escorted by a warder through seemingly endless passages and countless locked gates, which were unlocked as we passed, to what is known as "The Reception."

Here I was taken into an office and handed over to two warders. With scant ceremony I was ordered to turn out the contents of my pockets on the table, which I did, while the contents of my bag were shot pell-mell on to the floor, and then bundled in again, together with the contents of my pockets, all except my money. This was counted and wrapped up in paper.

I found, next, that my signature was required against a list of the things taken from my bag and pockets, and having obeyed this order I was marched off by one of the warders, who stopped in front of a row of iron doors, and, opening one of them, bawled, "In you go!"

I obeyed, and the door was slammed and locked behind me. I found myself alone in a small chamber, slightly larger than a telephone call-box, with whitewashed walls, lighted by a barred window, and up in the wall, with a wooden flap seat underneath.

Having shivered for half an hour I was taken to be medically examined. That was quickly over and I was handed a towel, a couple of rough twill sheets, and a pillow-case, a small hair-brush (which was far from clean-looking and had seen better days), and half of a comb with several teeth missing.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOB MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

D. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER LI.

The autumn swooned away to winter; the trees became red and gold, then grey. The leaves fell and scattered far and wide on chill winds; the flowers faded and fell, and last of all to fall were the gorgeous chrysanthemums, the flowers that Horace Hilary loved best.

And like the trees and flowers in the garden outside the Watford cottage he, too, slowly faded away; day by day his strength ebbed, day by day he grew weaker and weaker.

Dr. O'Hara spent some hours every day by his bedside, using all his skill to prolong his life, to give him strength and courage, and, above all, to keep the weak, tired brain from wandering.

But only one remedy was any good, only one thing would have kept his body and soul clinging together—and that was the one thing the poor fellow refused to take—alcohol.

It was strange how he turned with loathing—real or assumed it would be hard to say—from the gods he had once worshipped, the gods who had once ruled him. Not all O'Hara's persuasive powers nor all Dolores's skill could persuade him to take the thing that had ruined his life and now, as if revel-

Then came an order to "right turn, quick march," and with a growled admonition to keep our eyes in front of us and keep in step, I and my four brothers in distress were escorted to our temporary home, Block B, where debtors are lodged.

The number of my cell (which I will here call 40, although that was not the number) was given to me, and I was handed a small yellow serge badge, about the size of a cabdriver's, upon which was stencilled in black paint "B.2.40," meaning that I was located in Block B, Second Floor, Cell No. 40. This I was told I must attach to my jacket whenever I left my cell. Then we were each handed in rapid succession a small wooden spoon, a Bible, a church service, a hymn-book, a religious work, "The Narrows Way," and a novel from the library. A few moments later the door of No. 40 slammed behind me, and I made an anxious survey of my home for the next three weeks.

MY CELL.

The cell, roughly, measured thirteen feet long by seven feet wide, with a height of ten feet. The brick walls were whitewashed down to within four feet of the floor, when they were coloured with a dull brown paint. The door, which was covered with an iron plate studded with screws, and painted a dingy yellow colour, was set in the centre of one of the shorter sides, and provided with a small peephole.

Facing the door was a window about three feet wide by two feet high made up of small panes of opaque glass. Over the door was a ventilator, and on one side was a small square of thick green glass set in the brickwork, through which at night filtered a feeble light from the central hall. Below this window was a small wooden slab about eighteen inches square set in the corner of the wall. This answered the purpose of a table, whilst a small wooden stool without a back served as a seat. Above the table was a small knob which, when pressed, rang a bell outside the cell door.

Leaning against the wall was a flat framework of planks about six feet long by three feet wide, and over the top of it was folded an extremely hard and bumpy-looking mattress and pillow, two coarse blankets, and a very thin and sandy-looking counterpane of brown and yellow check.

ONE QUART OF WATER.

On the floor under the window was a tin can, containing about a quart of water, both for washing and drinking purposes, a tin washing pan, another tin can with a very thin and sandy-looking counterpane of brown and yellow check, and a number of dirty rags for cleaning purposes.

In a corner by the window were three shelves, upon which were arranged a curious assortment of articles. On the top shelf was a cardboard case containing four large cards—(1) a library card; (2) regulations for debtor prisoners; (3) regulations as to food, and the means for obtaining a class of prisoner; and (4) schedule of prison work.

On the middle shelf was a small slate (such as used by schoolchildren), and an inch of slate pencil. On the bottom shelf was a pint tin mug, without a handle, and a small tin plate, a small piece of hard, brownish-yellow soap, about half the size of my little finger, and a wooden bowl of salt.

One thing I examined carefully was the food card, and to my dismay I found that it was no longer permitted for debtor-prisoners to have food sent in from outside.

That constitutes my getting into a debtors' prison and my accommodation there. I have now my life as a prisoner and my discharge to record.

ling in its last great ironical joke, came in the guise of a benefactor and life-giver.

"I sowed the seeds of death in your body," shrieked the evil thing, "and now I alone can keep you alive!"

"Then let me die," Hilary groaned. "Let me die as I've lived—a failure; let me die cheated of love, cheated of ambition; but there is one thing you've failed to rob me of—and I believe it's the greatest thing in the world after all."

And then Horace Hilary looked up into his wife's face with almost a beautiful smile on his own.

"What is that?" she asked.

But he would not tell her for a long time; then one night, when sleep would not come to his eyes nor peace to his soul, he whispered his secret to her as she sat beside his bed, her hands in his.

"The greatest thing in the world is friendship," he said slowly. "I know you don't believe I am right, but I like to think so. I know you may sing of love, fools may sing of gold, of power and glory, and great ambitions—but all these things fade away and die. Love, ambition, wealth, power, kill those who love them best and sacrifice at their blood-stained altars."

"Friendship alone gives all and asks nothing," thus Hilary often rambled and talked now, but always the same the stratum of truth and sense in what he said. His wild strange thoughts were imbued with wise philosophy.

It was as if Death, watching with Dolores on the opposite side of the bed, had already given him some of his wisdom and knowledge—that we shall all learn when we go down to the grave.

What he made you think these things," Dolores asked.

"You have made me feel them," he whispered, gratitude and love filling his voice, "for you have given me friendship; yes, I know it—it's so beautiful, dear, and it makes me so happy. It almost satisfies me."

"Not quite," she repeated. "But you know that I am ready to give you all—anything you may wish or desire of me. I am here to do your bidding—do with me as you will."

(Continued on page 11.)



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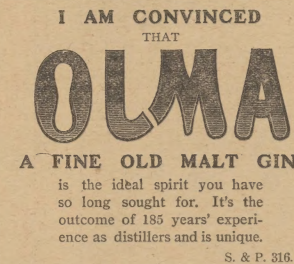


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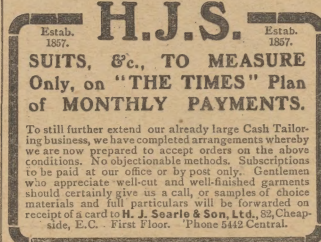


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H.J.S.

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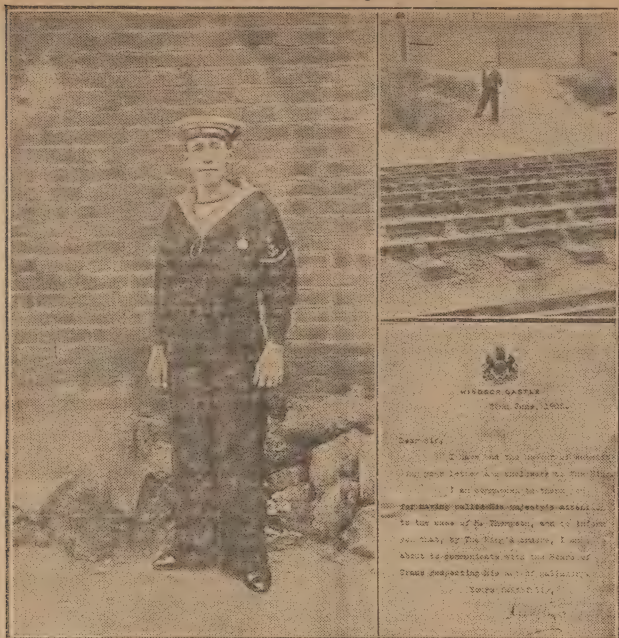
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BRAVE BLUEJACKET.



Petty Officer Thompson, of H.M.S. Pembroke, who gallantly rescued a man from being run over on the railway line between Old Ford and Bow Stations. Thompson is standing by the spot where the rescue was effected in one of the photographs. The letter sent by the King in reply to a communication from the Mayor of Poplar, bringing the affair to his notice is also reproduced in facsimile.

MOTOR-BOAT'S 2,200-MILE VOYAGE.



Napier Major in the Thames again yesterday after a voyage at sea lasting ten weeks and two days. She traversed some 2,200 miles, visited about 40 ports, and consumed 200 gallons of petrol.

ELOQUENT BIRD.



"Tommy," the wonderful Indian mynah just arrived at the "Zoo." He has an extensive vocabulary, both in English and Hindustani.

YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.



Little Franz von Vecsey, the remarkable child violinist, wearing the sailor suit in which he appeared at Marlborough-street Police Court to obtain a licence as a child performer.

Are These Your Symptoms?

Some Pointed Questions Well Worth Your Consideration—Good Advice to Those Whose Answer Is "Yes," Which Will Enable You to Avoid Much Discomfort and Suffering in the Future

We wish to ask you the following questions, which are of real importance, and to remember that a great deal depends on your answer to them—Do you suffer from irritation between the fingers, in the palms of the hands, and about the ankles and feet, or a sensation of burning on the skin, though there may be no redness? Do you notice small concretions on the outer rim of your ear, or little lumps under the skin on arms, breast, or legs? Are your meals followed by acidity, gassy indigestion, or flatulence, or do you suffer from torpidity of the liver, and consequent aching on the right side? Are you conscious of stiffness of the joints or muscles, enlargement of the joints, difficulty in bending them, tenderness to the touch, or occasional shooting pains?

WHAT THESE SYMPTOMS MEAN

If some one or two of these symptoms are present they show clearly that uric acid is not being expelled from the body as it is produced, as should be the case. Uric acid is waste matter, and it is essential that it should be removed from the body. If it is not removed it is carried all over the system, and passes through a chemical change, and is converted into one of the urates, and is deposited in the joints, the sheath of the sciatic nerve, or some other portion of the body, where it creates mischief, disturbance, and in many cases acute pain.

HOW URIC ACID IS REMOVED

Uric acid should be removed from the body in solution, but as it is a solid substance, something is needed that will dissolve it. Water will not do this neither will aperients, but in Bishop's Varalettes will be found a perfect antidote to and dissolver of uric acid. Bishop's Varalettes act directly on uric acid, and prevent the formation of deposits of the urates, and where these have formed they soften and gradually break them up.

WHEN TO USE BISHOP'S VARALETES

For all forms of uric acid trouble, either in an early or advanced stage, Bishop's Varalettes are confidently recommended, as they fulfil all the conditions of a successful remedy. Their remedial power is due to the fact that they go to the very root of the trouble and act as that point. Where the symptoms are slight there is nothing that need give cause for alarm. Three or four weeks' pleasant treatment with Bishop's Varalettes will do all that is necessary, and make a most marked change in your feelings. In cases where the trouble has been going on for years a longer time will naturally be required. It would be pleasant if one could promise that all pain and discomfort would be removed in a day or so, but obviously the accumulation of years cannot be cleared off in days, but all sufferers may be assured that patience and perseverance, even in the worst cases, will in due time receive their reward. Therefore, commence this most successful treatment.

A LADY'S LETTER

Miss Bowen, of Bristol, writes: "I am now using Bishop's Varalettes, and take the opportunity of informing you of the extraordinary benefit I have derived. I began to take them twelve days ago, not, as I supposed, for gout, but for acidity, from which I had suffered for twenty or more years. When I tell you that during all that time I have never been able to get to bed or rise without sometimes not even from meal to meal, without medicine, you will understand why I consider the benefit 'extraordinary,' for during the last six days I have not needed a single tablet or lozenge. Since I commenced the box of Bishop's Varalettes I have been to consult a throat specialist for throat trouble, which I now know to be gout; and when I told Dr. that I was taking Bishop's Varalettes for the acidity trouble he said, 'You cannot possibly do better.' I am more grateful for the relief than I can tell." Writing again, Miss Bowen said: "I am still able to do without any of the acidity remedies that I used for so many years until I began Bishop's Varalettes."

POINTS TO REMEMBER

The signs of approaching uric acid troubles detailed in the first paragraph of this article are so unmistakable that everyone reading the list can determine at once whether they are in danger of gout, rheumatism, gouty eczema, gravel, sciatica, or lumbago. If the symptoms are not yet so pronounced Bishop's Varalette treatment immediately, but be sure you get Bishop's Varalettes. Refuse all imitations. There is nothing the "same as" or "as good as" Bishop's Varalettes, except Bishop's Varalettes, which possess unique virtues. They are not a quack nostrum, or even a patent medicine, but a thoroughly scientific remedy, the value of which is recognised by doctors, many of whom take them personally. Bishop's preparations have received four highest awards at International Exhibitions, and are patronised by royalty. Bishop's Varalettes (registered) are supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores, in vials of 1s., 2s., and in boxes containing 25 days' treatment for 5s., or direct by Alfred Bishop (Ltd.), Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, for 1s. 10d., 2s. 10d., and 5s. 2d., post free within the United Kingdom.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

But he shook his head. "You can't give me love. I understand now. You can give me yourself; your lips might be forced to a magnificent lie and cry—even whilst your heart bled—'I love you!' But I should know it wasn't true—so I don't want it, I won't have it."

"My life has been one great mistake, but I will not make the greatest mistake of all!"

"No, you're my friend, Dolores. That is why you offer to give me all, that is why you are willing to sacrifice all for my sake. It's beautiful, it's magnificent, it's far finer than love! Love gives because it can't help itself; passion is common to man and beast; friendship is divine."

"Christ was always the friend, never the lover; and the miracle He has worked in all our hearts here—in yours and mine, in Merrick's and Lyndal's and the doctor's—is the miracle of friendship."

One morning after he had passed a good night, sleeping heavily but quietly, he awoke with the first glimmer of dawn in the east and called anxiously for Dolores. She invariably sat with him at night whilst Lyndal watched by day.

"What is it; do you feel worse?" she asked anxiously.

"I feel the end is coming dreadfully near," he whispered. "Do you mind holding me in your arms? Ah, that's better. I've something to say. I wanted it to be the last words I should speak, but it's a terrible thought that I may die without saying it, so I'll say it now."

"Will you pull up the blind, dear, and let me watch the day break—how grey and cold it looks—it'll be better when the sun rises. . . . I want to go out at nightfall, so that as my spirit creeps away a new day will dawn for you, a new life!"

"You are not going yet, Horace. I don't want you to go—I can't spare you," she cried.

"You don't say that to comfort me," he whispered. "You say it because you're really and truly my friend. Oh, I'm happy, Dolores, so happy."

She raised him, and his head rested on her breast.

"My dear husband," she said.

Almost a divine light sprang into his eyes.

"Thank you—for that. The first time you have called me—husband. . . . But what I wanted to say is this. Directly I go and am laid at rest, let me rest far away from cities, somewhere among the hills where there are only wild gorse and heaths and rocks—Devonshire, where I was born—as soon as I'm asleep in old earth's arms, you'll marry Arthur Merrick. Don't wait, dear friend, start your new life together at once. . . . If I get back my possessions from Vogel they'll all belong to you, you'll neither of you want for anything. O'Hara has helped me to draw up a will. . . . He'll tell you where it is. Promise me you'll marry Arthur—and there's just one thing—I'm almost ashamed to mention it—you mustn't laugh—it's a sick man's fancy, perhaps—"

"Don't be afraid, tell me," she whispered, putting her face close to his.

"It's rather a big thing for—for a friend to ask, perhaps."

"You are my husband."

"Well, then, because I was your husband, in name, at any rate, when you are Merrick's wife, when your real life starts, Dolores—bear fruit—if God blesses you with a son will you think of me and christen him with my name?"

Dolores's tears softly kissed her husband's face as he replied:

"Yes, I promise—if God is so good—he shall bear your name and be taught to bear it well and proudly, and feel proud of it too."

"Thank God! Now I can die in peace."

"But you're not going to die yet, Horace," she cried. "You must live—live to wrest from Vogel all that he stole from you so long ago."

"I don't want wealth," he said dreamily, falling back among the pillows. "I seem to want nothing more in life; contentment has come at last. I am

content—now, with you here beside me, so." Presently he fell asleep, a deep sleep so like death that at times Dolores grew afraid, and had to place her head close to his to make sure that he still breathed.

She was grateful when dawn came; the hours flew quickly as the winter sun rose and scattered the frosty mist that hung like a pall over the land.

And then Lyndal came and relieved her from her watch.

A change had come over Lyndal Maybrick since the autumn; instead of having grown tired or weary by the incessant work of nursing, she had become brighter and happier; the lines of sorrow had disappeared from her pretty face, and it seemed as if a new joy dawned in her eyes.

Dolores, with a quick woman's perception, guessed the reason. Dr. O'Hara had almost blunderingly told her.

He had fallen in love with the "pretty little nurse"; he had fallen in love with Lyndal Maybrick. And what was more he was slowly but surely awaking love in her heart—the love she had once thought with girlish ignorance was buried in a grave in her heart marked "Arthur Merrick."

Dolores could not help telling the doctor her suspicions when next he came to the Watford cottage. Needless to say he was overjoyed.

"And I have good news, too," he confided to her. "Only Hilary mustn't know—yet. It might raise false hopes in his breast. Sir Tatton has taken up the Dugger Bank Gold Mine case, and has consulted the leading counsel of the day, and they have given their opinion."

"Tell me, quickly—what is it?"

"It's favourable to Hilary—he is almost certain to clear his name—and your father's name, too. 'Vogel's day is nearly over—his downfall is at hand!'"

(To be continued.)

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WAVERS

HOW A LAVA IRON SMOOTHES AWAY LINES FROM THE FACE—A CHARMING HAT AND BLOUSE.

THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

HINTS FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED TO READ.

Mrs. Templer was busy giving advice to Belinda about the care of her sight, and had arrived, in our last article, at the final form of exercise to be taken.

"What is it?" inquired Belinda, who was writing down all the instructions.

"Throw the glance to the upper right-hand corner and then down to the left-hand corner, and vice versa," replied Mrs. Templer. "You will find these exercises will gradually strengthen the muscles of your eyes if persisted in every day."

"Must I go through the whole series every day?" "No, only one exercise at a time," was the reply. "At first you may feel slightly dizzy, but if you do the exercises by degrees, and only three or four times, I think you will suffer very little inconvenience."

The Young Convert's Promises.

"So after all I shall not have to take to glasses?" said Belinda joyfully. "I assure you, in order to avoid wearing those horrid things, I will willingly practise as many eye exercises as you please."

Mrs. Templer smiled.

"You are ready to make all the promises of the new convert," she said playfully. "We all begin well with our new resolutions. Then after

really, couldn't you give mother something to reduce those horrid pouches under her eyes? I don't think anything makes a woman look so old as those detestable blemishes."

"I admit they are very unbecoming, and if women would only take a little trouble much could be done to prevent this ugly formation," said Mrs. Templer. "Occasionally, this bagginess proceeds from a disordered liver, and, as I think your mother suffers a good deal from indigestion, I should advise her to begin by taking a dose of Epsom salts every morning and thus get her system and skin in good order."

HATS THAT WILL WASH.

RETURN OF THE OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE BONNET.

Never before was there such a variety of fashions in children's hats to choose from as this season has brought forth. There are shapes and sizes to suit every age, from the uniest baby to the almost grown-up schoolgirl. The most useful as well as the most up-to-date are the lingerie hats and the cottage bonnets. Although these are seen



This pretty chalk-white linen shirt is beautified by means of white flax lingerie ladder stitchery posed upon coral-pink linen.

a little time we get tired of the same thing carried out day after day, and gradually we all fall into the old familiar trick of saying, 'We can't be bothered any longer.' But I can assure you, Belinda, unless you remember to carry out these exercises day after day, and week after week, you will probably need to wear glasses before you are forty."

"Forty?" exclaimed Belinda. "Then I shall have to continue my exercises for twenty years! Oh, I wonder if I shall have sufficient perseverance to stick to my good resolutions all that time."

"Well, it will be a fair test of your sincerity and earnestness," said Mrs. Templer, smiling. "Twenty years will fly past quicker than you think, and you will then have the satisfaction of knowing you have preserved your eyesight."

Belinda looked thoughtful.

"I hope by the time I am forty I shall not be troubled with puffiness and bagginess under the eyes," she said earnestly. "I know it is rude to make remarks about one's own relations, but,



Quaint and dainty is the cream Leghorn hat depicted above, with its long blue ostrich feather and a pretty falling lace veil, pushed over to the right side of the chapeau. The pins worn have turquoise heads.

"How are these salts to be taken?" inquired Belinda. "Mother hates nauseous remedies, and I am afraid she will find Epsom salts rather drastic and disagreeable."

"Not if she takes them in the correct way," replied Mrs. Templer. "She should place one teaspoonful of Epsom salts in a wineglassful of water every night, so that it may be dissolved by the morning. Then, before rising, she must drink this wineglassful of liquid, and follow it by one glass of pure cold water. Anyone who suffers from a disordered liver will find this remedy very beneficial, and not at all disagreeable to take."

"And what else must she do for bagginess under the eyes?" asked Belinda.

"Every day she must use the wrinkle lotion I have so often prescribed, namely, the rose water, diluted with tincture of benzoïn," answered her hostess. "Then I wish her to procure what is called a smoothing iron for the face."

"A smoothing iron!" exclaimed Belinda.

"What is that?"

"A fairly long and smooth piece of lava, which can be procured at any chemist's," replied Mrs. Templer. "Every morning and evening she is to cover this thickly with lanolin, and to iron her face with it, always going in one direction, which must be outwardly from the nose to the temples. She must be careful to keep the iron well covered with lanolin, and to use only light, gentle touches."

"Does the iron really smooth out the pouches?" inquired Belinda with a smile. "It sounds as though mother's face had to be sent to the laundry. First she must wash it with the lotion, and then it has to be ironed with the cream."

Mrs. Templer laughed.

"Precisely," she said gaily. "And the greatest care must be taken in the process, or the whole effect will be spoiled."

(To be continued.)

in every colour to match linen or muslin gowns, white is the most popular and quite the most desirable choice.

Nearly all these hats are made with a view to being washed, and it is surprising to see the ingenuity with which they are put together so that they will come apart without injury to their appearance or shape. A hat may simply be sent to the wash and it comes back like new. Then with the addition of a few bows of ribbon or bunches of flowers to match the colour of different gowns there is no danger of growing tired of it.

The cottage sun-bonnet made of lilac or pink dimity is charmingly pretty for girls of all ages and sizes up to nineteen, and will be much seen this summer at the holiday resorts. It suits the plump little girl better than her æsthetic and willowy-looking sister.

RIVER HATS FOR HENLEY.

Those very clever Court milliners, Messrs. Butt and Doré, who only have to take a glance at a face or photograph to be inspired instantly with just the shape and style of hat that will best enhance the beauty of a customer, have now filled their charming white and gold salons with river hats for Henley, amongst other fascinations. Among them there is actually an exclusive model that costs 10s. 6d. merely, and has only to be seen to be admired. It is just the type of millinery that looks so lovely on a lawn, a houseboat, or any of the numerous kinds of craft that abound during the gayest time Henley knows the whole gay summer through. Messrs. Butt and Doré's address is 72, Regent-street, next to the Café Royal, and the entrance is in Air-street, so it is an easy establishment to find and remember.

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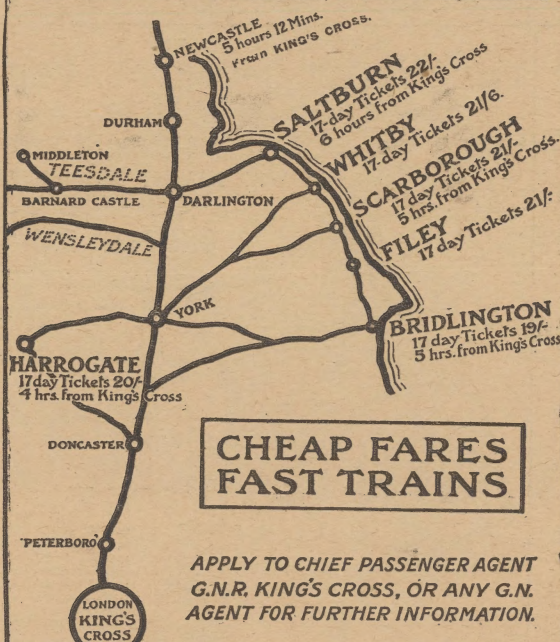
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10.50 a.m. NON-STOP, EXETER, arr. 2.15 p.m., Plymouth 3.55, Newquay 4.50, Barnstaple 5.40 p.m., Falmouth 5.53 p.m., serving Devon and Cornwall. LUNCHEON CAR TRAIN. Commencing July 22nd.

11.35 p.m. Barnstaple, arr. 4.55, Ilfracombe 5.47 p.m. Minhead, arr. 4.57 p.m., Newquay (SAT-URDAYS ONLY) 10.50, Penzance 11.20 p.m., serving Devon and Cornwall generally.

3.3 p.m. Barnstaple, arr. 8.20 p.m., Ilfracombe 9.25 p.m.

Penzance, Dep. 7.0 a.m., St. Ives 6.55, Helston 6.50, Falmouth 7.45, Truro 8.18, Newquay 7.15 a.m., arr. at Bristol 2.0 p.m., PADDDINGTON 2.55 p.m.

ILFRACOMBE, Dep. 8.0 a.m., Barnstaple 8.50, Bristol arr. 11.52 a.m., PADDDINGTON 2.0 p.m.

ILFRACOMBE, Dep. 9.10 a.m., Barnstaple 11.0, Bristol 2.10, PADDDINGTON arr. 4.30 p.m.

Penzance 10.0 a.m., St. Ives 9.40, Falmouth 1.15, Devonport 12.25 a.m., Plymouth 1.20 local, Plymouth (North Road) 4.10 p.m., Exeter 4.50, Barnstaple 5.40, LUNCHEON CAR TRAIN.

ILFRACOMBE, Dep. 12.17 noon, Barnstaple 1.8 p.m., Taunton 2.53, Bath 4.8 p.m., arr. at PADDDINGTON 6.15 p.m., connecting at Bristol for the North via LUNCHEON CAR TRAIN.

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PADDDINGTON, Dep. 2.40 p.m. WEYMOUTH arr. 6.45 p.m., COMMENCING JULY 15th. EVERY SATURDAY until SEPTEMBER 16th. PADDDINGTON, dep. 10.35 a.m., NON-STOP, Malden Newton arr. 1.18 p.m., Bridport 1.48, Dorchester 1.53, WEYMOUTH 1.50 p.m.

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BAKEMOUTH, dep. 12.40 p.m., PADDDINGTON, arr. 8.50 p.m.

ABERYSTWYTH, dep. 1 p.m., Walspool 3.40, Wolverhampton, arr. 5.5, Birmingham 5.35, Loughborough 6.14, Banbury 6.45, Oxford 7.17, PADDDINGTON, arr. 8.50 p.m. Dining Car Shrewsbury to London.

ABERYSTWYTH, dep. 2.45 p.m., Walspool 5.10, Wolverhampton, arr. 6.40, Birmingham 7.18, Oxford 9.15, PADDDINGTON 10.50 p.m.

PADDDINGTON, dep. 6.15 p.m., Worcester, arr. 8.47 p.m., Malvern 9.45, Droitwich 9.45, Kidderminster 9.15, Stourbridge Junction 9.50, Dudley 9.45 p.m., Wolverhampton 10 a.m. DINING CAR TRAIN.

WOLVERHAMPTON, dep. 11.1 a.m., Dudley 11.27, Stourbridge Junction 11.24, Kidderminster 11.36, Droitwich 11.49, Great Malvern 11.27, Worcester 11.55 p.m., PADDDINGTON, arr. 2.35 p.m. LUNCHEON CAR TRAIN.

IMPROVED SERVICE TO ABERYSTWYTH, via CARMARTHEN.

SUNDAYS.

PADDDINGTON dep. 12.35 p.m., Frowbridge arr. 3.4 p.m., Silbury 4.25, Frome 3.25, Devol 3.53, Bridport 5.0, Dorchester 4.35, Weymouth 4.50 p.m.

WEYMOUTH dep. 4.30 p.m., Dorchester 4.23, Bridport 4.0, Yeovil 5.1, Frome 5.57, Truro 5.55, Weymouth (Chippenham) arr. 6.13 p.m., Swindon 7.27, PADDDINGTON arr. 8.20 p.m.

BIRKENHEAD dep. 3.5 p.m. (Liverpool Landing Stage 2.50 p.m.), Chester 5.40, Wrexham 4.2, Corwen 5.15 p.m., Shrewsbury 5.0, Wollaton 5.15, Wolverhampton arr. 5.50 p.m., PADDDINGTON arr. 9.42 p.m.

MANY OTHER ADDITIONAL and LOCAL SERVICES, ACCELERATED and ALTERED TRAINS, on ALL PARTS of the LINE, and on other Railways in connection.

SEASON TICKET and GENERAL INQUIRY OFFICE.

in MAIN BOOKING HALL, DEPARTURE PLATFORM at PADDDINGTON STATION. It NOW OFFERS SEASON TICKETS at rates for same can be obtained at the SEASON TICKET OFFICE between 9.0 a.m. and 5.0 p.m.

APPLICATIONS should be addressed to Mr. G. M. W. Superintendent of the Line, PADDDINGTON STATION, W.

respecting train service, Excursions, Tourist Tickets, Week-End Tickets, Luggage, Parcels, etc. etc. will be answered at the Inquiry Office, PADDDINGTON STATION, W.

FRENCH and GERMAN INTERPRETER in ATTENDANCE.

For details and full particulars, see time tables and bills, or apply for information at any of the Company's stations or offices.

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. CAREY BROS. will SELL by AUCTION, TO-DAY, June 26th, at 2 o'clock, 200 of cycles, motors, engines, carrier and other tricycles, juvenile cycles, tandems, victs, stocks, and dies, fittings and accessories, mostly without reserve, their Repository, Elephant and Castle Station, S.E. Telephone 9,382 Central.

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THE LEADING BOOT OF THE TIMES

On the Grandest Variety of Up-to-date Models in the World.

Made on an Entirely New Principle, ensuring them

Lasting As Long Again As the Old Style.

Any Style
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in Black
or
Tan.

All the Latest Improve-
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Whole-cut
Goloshes
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Back
Straps.

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MODELS.

PERFECT
FITTING.

10/9 WITH
OR WITHOUT
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PROMPT AND PERFECT FIT
ENSURED IN EVERY CASE
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on our new graduated system

Of $\frac{1}{2}$ Sizes, $\frac{1}{8}$ Fittings,
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JOINT SUNK FOR BALL OF BIG TOE

Taking all pressure from the toes,
Easy from first moment of wearing.

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LACE

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Shape,
Style,
or
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REAL
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Boots.

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THE GREAT MONEY-SAVER

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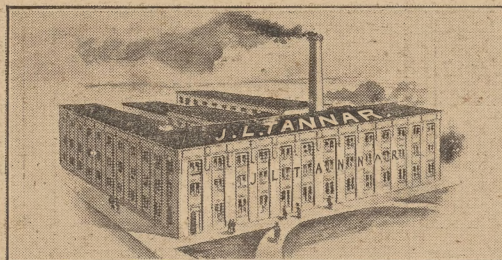
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Socks
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hurt the
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Every Pair
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With or
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Heel.

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In Black or Tan.

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